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DID YOU SEE WHAT I SAW ZOOT ZOO THE ZOOT HATERS
RECESS LIVING WITH A 40-PROOF PARENT WORLD CLASS
WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THIS THEN? L.A. WEEKEND
BRIDGE CONTEST RESULTS THE POLITICS OF DANCING



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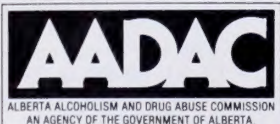
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ZOOT CAPRI is published by AADAC, with
editorial offices located at #501, 525-11 Avenue
S.W., Calgary, Alberta T2R 0C9. ZOOT CAPRI
welcomes stories, art and photo contributions.
Material should be addressed to Editor, ZOOT
CAPRI, The Magazine. All contributions must be
accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped
envelope. ZOOT CAPRI is not responsible for un-
solicited contributions. Send all contributions to:
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We've let Zoot's best out of the tank!

Catch the most popular features from our past five issues in a special 16-page insert.

DAVE JACOX

Really, now. Does anyone read the Editorial? I hope so, but I'm glad that it's just my job and not my life that depends on it.

LET'S GET SERIOUS:

Zoot Capri, The Magazine, is six issues and about two years old. AADAC, our friendly banker, still tolerates us. And we appreciate that, because we know that times are still tough and that a lot of things are being cut back. We happily sense that they're going to hang in for a while yet.

What you are holding in your hands is arguably *The Best Of Zoot*. Some new stuff, and a lot of old stuff we're reprinting based on your response to previous issues and out of consideration for the fact that for many of you, this is the first issue of *Zoot*. You have to understand that AADAC refuses to force-feed *Zoot* into the system; we don't have advertisers and it's not all that easy to get to you. When we do make contact, it's up to you to either say we can stay, or to pull the plug on our presence in your mailbox. We're just now starting to get distribution in southern Alberta, largely due to a well-placed bag of boot-leg copies which slipped into Calgary and drifted down as far as Fort McLeod. Finding acceptance within The System isn't

easy, you see. (We're still trying to do a *Recess* feature in an Edmonton high school...trying to find a principal who'll let us through his hallowed doors with our camera....)

The bottom line is that out of about 110,000 teens in the province of Alberta, maybe half get *Zoot*. We'd like the number to be larger because this magazine is striving to be a forum for you guys. We know that no one enjoys or gets more out of hearing what you have to say and learning what you like to do. We don't always agree with your thoughts or your style...so, what else about life is new?

We're not always right. We're still entitled to our opinions. *You're* not always right. You're still entitled to your opinions. And the best way to test opinions (ours and yours) is to toss them in with a bunch of others and see how they stand up. We're doing our best to call our own bluff...

FOR EXAMPLE:

In this issue of *Zoot Capri, The Magazine* you'll read an interview with nine kids who hate our guts; kids who have cancelled their subscriptions...written us letters using language we cannot print because we will not appear in AADAC's next budget if we do. If you're a *Zoot* fan (and there are some of you

ZITS ZANTINI

So many people have written to ask if Zits has brothers or sisters or even parents that we're printing the Zantini Family Photo just to prove that The Kid is normal...sort of.



PHOTOGRAPH: EDWARD GAJDEL

out there), you'd probably like to hear that these *Zoot* haters are total turkeys: strange, miniature gnomes with dreadful breath and patches over one eye and both ears. It's *simply not so*. The nine kids we talked to in the lavish, large-screen MTV and digital-stereo-equipped *Zoot* boardroom were articulate (like, they could speak good), pretty well sorted out, it seemed, and we rather liked them. Maybe they got to like us a little too, but you never know. At least they offered us a lot of ideas - many of which we'll use and a few of which we'll trash 'cause we get to do that if we want.

Another thing you'll encounter on your voyage through this 60- up from 48-page issue is the real-life testing of the *Zoot* Theories by a real-life Alberta teenager (heck, even Hugh Hefner had his *Playboy* Philosophy). Yes, from time to time we'll be

asking some of you to join us on a Reality Trip, so please make sure that your name is in the *Zoot* baseball cap and that you are home when we ring. For *Zoot* Six, I personally called up Fraser Flamond of Strathmore and asked him if he'd join me for a weekend at the California Superbike School in Riverside, California. I explained that we'd have to kill some time in Los Angeles before hiring a car and heading out into the desert for a hard day of hurtling around one of the world's most famous racetracks on some tricked-out 550 Kawasaki under the critical eye of one of the best road racing coaches anywhere. We would, I cautioned, return home with an honest record of our progress and our performance relative to many other people. Fraser was reluctant at first, but in the interest of making Ed. happy and testing the Theories (*Let's*

Cheat, Time Of Your Life, etc.), he finally agreed to risk life and limb in a quest for enlightenment and gnarly knees. Story page 28.

THERE'S MORE:

In our next issue, out sometime in July, our *Flights Of Fantasy* feature will see two teens of different but equal sexes exploring the great playground above us: our Alberta blue sky. They'll be airborne in hot air balloons, ultralight aircraft, supersonic jets and subsonic flight simulators, as well as under (hopefully) parachutes-we'll pass on their impressions. There'll be lots more of your opinions, more contests, more winners, more challenges and, we hope, more AADAC money and many more *Zoots* to come.

But that's really not up to us. It's up to you.

Write. Or phone. It matters, it really does.

Kim says 'Hi'.



The Scoop

OFF THE WALL

ZOOT NOOZE

INTO YOUR HEAD

SKIPPING OFFERS SPEED AND ECONOMY OF EFFORT.



PHOTOGRAPHS: DERIK MURRAY

"Skip," says Zits. "Skipping is relaxing and almost as fast as running without the uncool aspect of perspiration."

You're too young to drive. The bus is too boring. Walking is too slow and running is too tiring. So how are you going to get from school to Mac's?

"Skip," says Zits. "Skipping is relaxing

and almost as fast as running without the uncool aspect of perspiration." You can wear what you want while skipping, notes Zits. "No need for baggy sweats or silly silk shorts."

To learn how to skip, in case you've already forgotten, study the accompanying photos of Zits. Above all, notice that throughout the skipping sequence his shades remain resting comfortably on the

bridge of his ample nose. Observe, too, that a gentle hop forward gets you started. Use the same foot to stop the lower part of your body, throwing the weight of the top of your bod over your other leg, which is

thus loaded up with 36,500 kilochugergovers to the third power multiplied by 10. The process repeats itself as you accelerate wildly along the sidewalk.

As Zits says, "The only problem with

skipping is that it wears out your Vans in a hurry."

It's also not a real good idea to skip on ice, unless you're keen to try out another fast way of getting around: sliding on your butt.

The Raw Report

The response to our offer of FREE *Relax And Win* cassettes designed to help you breeze through school with straight A's was overwhelming (see *ZOOT CAPRI*, Fall 1983 *Mind Bridges*). Everyone who wrote or phoned between the time they received their copy of *ZOOT* and January 1, 1984, was sent a RAW tape loaner and set of instructions.

By the time you read this, the second group of readers will be slipping the RAW tapes into their Walkmans and we'll let you know next issue what effect all this RAW help has had on our test subjects' marks.

Meanwhile, *ZOOT*

extends a *large thanks* to David Boles and Frank Monaghan for their

RAW energy in making the RAW stuff available to our readers.



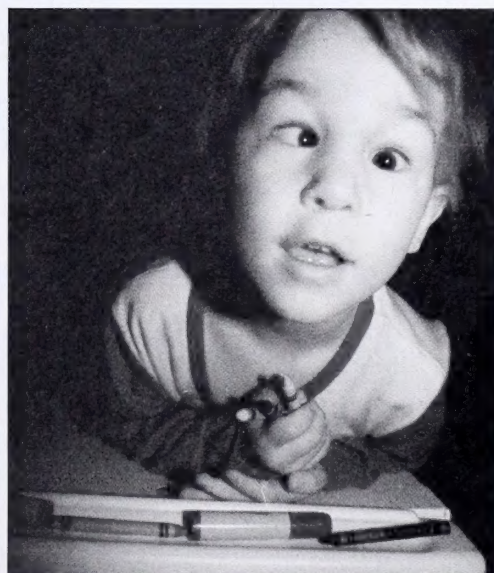
DAVID BOLES

Willms, Robb revealed! ZOOT STAFFERS EXPOSED!

Who is that guy who paints the crazy pictures for *ZOOT* features such as "What do you think about this, then?" What does he look like? And the friendly girl who answers your calls... is she as pretty as she sounds? See for yourself...



KIM ROBB



RUSS WILLMS

BRIDGE CONTEST ENTRIES SPAN PROVINCE

When we asked you to name the best-known... and most obscure... bridges in Alberta, you really came across. We were *deluged* with answers...correct ones, at that. Finally, we had to throw all the 100 per cent-right replies into a ZOOT baseball cap and draw one winner. She is Teri Sunde of Alhambra.

Teri flew with our own Kim Robb to Vancouver, where she met up with Zits Zantini for brunch at Bridges Restaurant. An elegant time was had by all and Teri reports that Zits is everything she thought he would be. (Too bad, Zantini.) Kim and Teri took in the west coast sights before their return flight out of the rain and back to the snow. In case you're

wondering how you did with your own entry, the correct answers are as follows:

1. High Level Bridge, Edmonton.
2. Red Deer River/Starmine Swinging Bridge, near Drumheller.
3. Kananaskis River Bridge.
4. Athabasca River—Hwy 63 near Ft. MacKay.
5. Red Deer River, East Coulee.
6. Peace River, near Vermilion.
7. Centre Street Bridge, Calgary.
8. Dunvegan Bridge.
9. Crowsnest Creek, near Lundbreck.

Luck of the draw, guys. Thanks for taking the time to try, and good luck next contest.



Contest winner Teri Sunde and our own Zits Zantini find Bridges' grits great.

PHOTOGRAPH: DERIK MURRAY

Zootbacks.



A strictly limited number of copies of Zoot Capri, The Magazine issues 3, 4 and 5 are available, free for the asking. (Sorry, 1 & 2 are all gone, already.)

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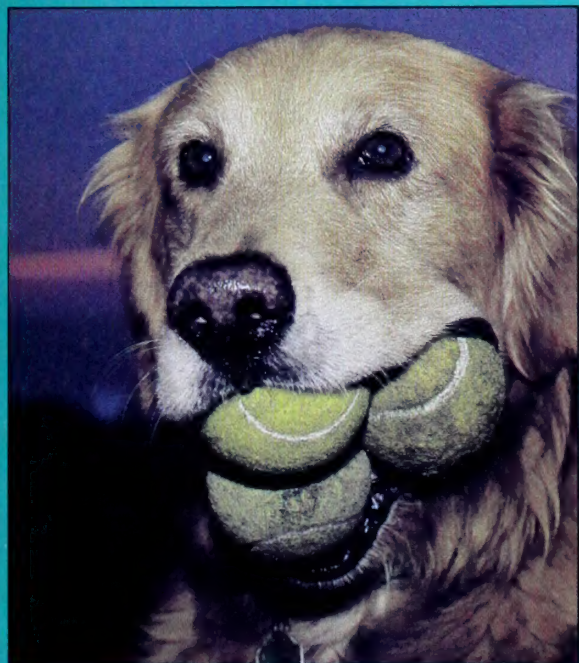
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THE ZOOT ZOO



CAPTION CONTEST:

With bellows of gratitude, honks of relief and barks of joy, the animals thank you, one and all.

Your overwhelming response to our plea for more entries to the *Zoot Zoo* caption contest means that our furry and fowl friends will be expanding their stay on this planet for at least another issue. Leading the list of those who cared enough to send their very best, is our Spring 1984 issue winner Georgia Dika of Rycroft, Alberta who observed that "YOU GOTTA WEAR A TOQUE IN THE GREAT WHITE NORTH, EH?"

Beauty, Georgia...and your *Zoot T* is in the Great White North mail which means you'll probably never receive it.

The animals here are

pretty excited, and the normally elegant *Zoot* offices are a mess as a result. In an attempt to restore some order, we have agreed to print captions and award *Zoot T-shirt* prizes for not just *one*, but *three* of the best lines sent to us for the canine cutie above. Once again; Tweet! Arf! Winnie! Moo!



Get into Zoot.



You are simply not *ZOOT* without one of these top-quality *ZOOT CAPRI* T-shirts or baseball shirts.

They feature our *ZOOT* logo in *ZOOT* colours on the front and your choice of "Alberta Hot Kid" or "Get it while you're young" on the back.

And who is more *ZOOT* than Zits? Decorate the bottom of your favourite drawer with His Own full colour poster.

SEND ME THE FOLLOWING SO I CAN GET INTO ZOOT!

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The Diver

"I'm determined to get really good." Those are ambitious words for someone whose diving experience amounts to little more than a year. ("I was fooling around at the Spruce Grove pool and one of the coaches from Edmonton saw me and invited me to join the team.")

Laurie Standish, 13, has been making her "discovery" pay off. She's already won competitions in Alberta and placed well in national events.

What's the best thing about diving? "I just like doing it. It takes my mind off school." Of course, the actual diving is backed up by long hours of training—"mostly aerobics and weight lifting: one or the other every day."

Is diving expensive? "Well, I could use a sponsor," Laurie admits.

She's looking forward to a lot more competitions in the future, perhaps on a world level... "possibly even the Olympics."

Whatever you decide to do, Laurie, we'll bet you'll make quite a splash.

The Debater

Westlock Junior High School has a debating club.



And one of the star debaters is a relative newcomer to the art of argument. In just two turns at the podium, Tracy Hoskins won a medal for placing third out of 72 competitors. What's the secret to such sudden success? "You have to be confident. That means knowing what you're talking about, and being *very clear* when you're up in front of an audience and judges."

The Westlock club practises during noon-hours, then it's on to formal disagreement with teams from other schools. "It wouldn't be much fun alone, but we work in groups, and I'm with my friends."

You won't be surprised to learn that Tracy isn't afraid to speak her mind; to say what she thinks. It's also not surprising that she's thinking about be-

coming a lawyer. "I'm quite interested in that, now. It's a real possibility."

We won't argue with that, Tracy.



Alberta HOT KIDS

The Astronomer

"I've always been interested in astronomy. I really got into it when I was about 14. That's when I bought the telescopes that I've been using for the last few years." What about astronomy has fascinated Medicine Hat's Donald Netolitsky for three years?

"It's hard to describe, but it's something to do with the thrill of seeing something rare after spending so many hours

watching. The actual work can be tedious. But there's so much to discover, and if you're successful, it's a real feather in your cap." Donald reminds us that most comets are discovered by amateurs.

He's made it to the national science fair four times. "It's a hobby, but one thing that's valuable about science fair exper-

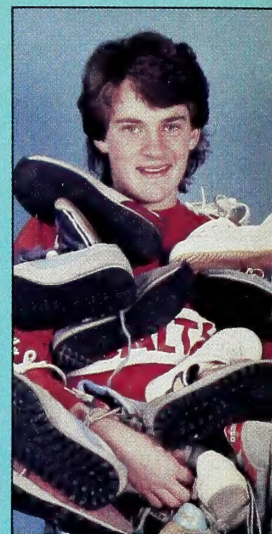
ience is that, if you're going into science as a career, I think institutions would recognize your scientific background and it could help quite a bit."

What will Donald be doing 10 years from now? "Being an astronomical technician, operating an orbiting telescope, would be really great. And I would love to get to meet some extraterrestrial life forms."

You should stop by the Zoot offices next time you're in Calgary, Donald.



The Long-Distance Runner



This kid is *really* hot! Although 15-year-old Jennifer Christensen of Calgary has been running seriously for only about a year, in that time she has won the Forzani's, the Sheep River and the Herald road races. She came first in the cross-country trials at the University of Calgary. Then she went to the cross-country nationals in Sudbury, Ontario and came first *again*.

Jennifer used to run sprints at school during track season, "but I'd rather concentrate on what I'm best at: the 800-, 1500- and 3000-metre."

Running an average of eight miles a day and working out to build up strength takes most of Jennifer's time after school. And she agrees that runners have to eat right and go to bed at a decent time. "I find it difficult. Now, when my friends go out, I can't always go with them because I don't have time. Sometimes I feel like quitting. I guess I just run through it. I love the competition and I love winning."

Jennifer's goal for 1985 is the Commonwealth Games. And the Boston Marathon? "I might when I get older. It's kind of dangerous at my age. It takes a lot of endurance. I won't enter this year."

That's good news for a lot of women who *will*.

The Canoeist

Although Bridget Saunders' sport is an established Olympic event, it is little known in Western Canada. "When I say 'flat water canoeing,' a lot of people think of paddlers going down a scenic lake in their recreational canoe and that's not it. It's much more exciting."

Bridget admits that flat water canoeing takes place on water that is not fast-moving and she points out that either canoes or kayaks can be used—women use only kayaks. There are one-, two-, and four-person

vessels.

Bridget, now 17, started canoeing when she was 14. It didn't take her long to join a racing team and get into training and serious practice sessions.

As soon as the ice is off the lake, Bridget makes a point of being on the water twice a day for an hour. From June to August, training takes all her free time during the week, and regattas occupy the weekends. To stay in shape during the winter, she cross-

country skis, swims and works out with weights. "During the summer, I tend to hang around with my canoeing friends because it's easier that way. They're going to practise and so am I. And school friends...actually, I've got quite a few that are involved with paddling, too."

Flat water canoeing, the sport, has taken Calgary's Bridget travelling: Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, Thunder Bay. She's had to be partially responsible for her transportation, accommodation and food. She even has her own paddle.



The Organizer



"I can't say no to people. That's one reason why I get involved in so many different things." Sixteen-year-old Gary Brucker of Medicine Hat is involved at school as vice-president of the band, as assistant coach for the volleyball team, as business manager

for the basketball team, and as a student with an above-80 average. Away from school he works as a part-time DJ for a local radio station and seriously pursues his goal of making the Canadian curling championships.

Gary has a talent for gaining people's co-operation and enjoys the opportunity to put his talents to use. He organizes game officials and arranges publicity through posters and the media for the volleyball and basketball teams. In addition to playing trumpet for the band, he's involved in fund-raising and negotiating a trip to Cali-

fornia. "Our tour just got okayed—a nine-day tour of California. I honestly didn't think we'd get an okay from everybody—parents, students, administration—so we're really happy."

Gary's number one priority is curling. Curling is a team sport, isn't it? He spends about 10 hours a week, at least six months of the year, with his team, in the pursuit of "throwing rocks." "You have to have guys who get along together, and are willing to put in a lot of practice and spend every spare dime they have on the sport."

You should be able to organize that, Gary.

The Game Designer

"I just check the school library for the war I want."

Calgary's Trevor Mahovsky designs war games. Which may sound a little strange, because Trevor is not an unusually aggressive guy. "Look: it's entertaining, complicated...and I love history," explains Trevor.

An interest in history notwithstanding, Trevor's latest game is a game of the future called 2025. It started out as a school project and part of the fun was creating a history to go with the game.

Does Trevor ever think of marketing his games? "Not really. It's a pretty expensive proposition." He thinks it's not a bad idea, though. "As long as people have war games to play," reasons our 13-year-old game designer, "they won't have time to fight real wars."



The Dancer

Tracy Legault has been dancing almost all of her life... "tap, jazz, ballet, Polynesian dancing and baton...I'll try anything," says Tracy.

When she isn't dancing, Tracy is a 16-year-old student at Harry Ainly Composite High in Edmonton. Tracy still takes lessons, travelling as far as Los Angeles to work with the best teachers. And she pays for it all by giving classes herself. "Scholarships help, too," and Tracy has had quite a few. She's won the Alberta, Kamloops and Prince George Dance Festivals.

Has she danced her way right out of a social life? "No, most of my friends are into drama or some kind of performing art, so they understand the commitment. We get along quite well."

Tracy hasn't made up her mind yet whether or not she'll go into professional dancing. One thing she is certain of is that she wants to choreograph a show. With that goal in mind, she's already worked in set design and musical arranging.

The difference between a good dancer and a not-so-good dancer? "The ability to perform before an audience. It's not what you do for yourself or for your teacher that's important—it's what you do for them."

We applaud your attitude, Tracy.

The Filmmaker

Rupak Acharya, 15, sees an average of two films each week. "That's in the theatres. I usually pick up on a couple of videos, too."

Rupak is a student at Calgary's Lord Beaverbrook, and a big fan of science fiction. "I can gen-

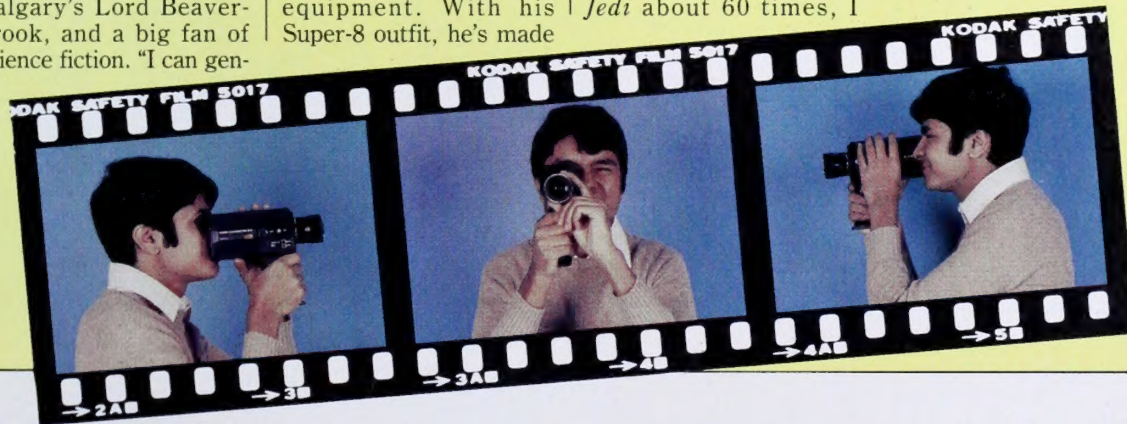
erally figure out what they did to get a certain special effect. If I can't, there are magazines...or sometimes the studios will tell you, if you write to them and ask."

Rupak also writes; he's sold several stories, using the money to buy film equipment. With his Super-8 outfit, he's made

about five short pictures, ranging from a Grand Canyon wildlife documentary to an animated short using clay letters as the main characters. Rupak's idols are Alfred Hitchcock and Steven Spielberg, "and George Lucas. I've seen *Jedi* about 60 times, I

guess."

As this issue of *Zoot* goes to press, our film fan is counting the days till Spielberg's *Temple Of Doom* hits the big screen in Calgary. One thing is certain: Rupak has his future clearly in focus.

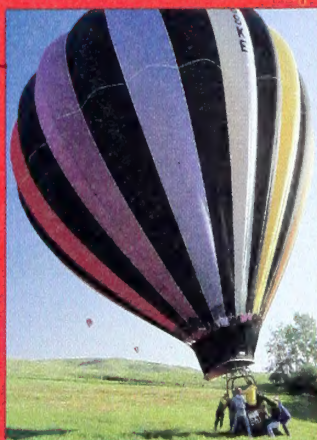


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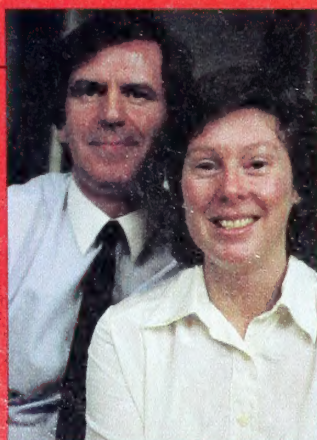
SKIRROW'S SCAM

An in-depth interview with the man who holds Zoot's purse strings. Is he straight or what? No, we can't be bought.



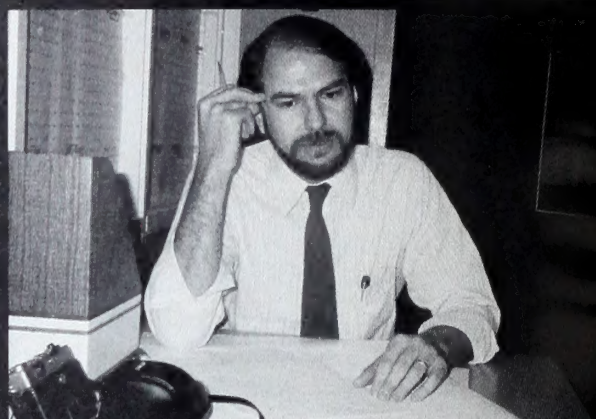
FLIGHTS OF FANTASY

Two teenagers tear up Alberta skies in everything from a balloon to a supersonic jet. High-flying adventure!



HOT PARENTS

Behind every hot kid there's a hot parent or two. Zoot has scoured the province to present you with 10 of the best.



Sometimes...it's just all too much.



...And everyone should donate to ZOOT....

They call that lunch?



Hey! Normal people!

What do you give a school that has everything? Space in *ZOOT*, of course. Medicine Hat High proves that when it comes to having mind-boggling bunches of state-of-the-art stuff to play and learn with, Alberta schools are world-class, for sure. High tech? Fill your "Hat"! (We can't think of a group of kids that deserves it more.)



Well, here goes....



The less said, the better.



They have this thing about keeping the floors waxed....



And as this year's recipient of the Hunk-Of-The-Year award....



Getting help with some really pressing problems.



The world famous Medicine Hat Lawnmower Dance.



Take the taste test....



Dosi-do-and-allemende-left.



They do have this thing about keeping the floors waxed.



Cover Girls.



Tom Cruise? You're kidding!

PHOTOGRAPHS: CHRISTOPHER BISSELL

THE ZOOT INTERVIEW:

THE ZOOT HATERS

From all around the province they came, foaming at the mouth and fighting mad. Kids bound for gory and determined to dump on Zoot.

ZOOT CAPRI, *The Magazine*, gets a lot of letters. And a lot of phone calls, too, now that we've installed our toll free number (1-800-372-9578). We love the pats on the back, but now and then we have to brace ourselves for a punch in the belly. The fact is that there are some passionate people turning thumbs down on ZOOT. Teenagers who would rather have classes extended through the summer than find another issue of our mag on their porch. Why do they dislike us? What drives them to write long and loathing letters filled with comments on our mothers' moustaches and suggesting that we do all kinds of physically impossible things? We had to know. So we gathered nine card-carrying ZOOT Haters together in the bullet and bombproof ZOOT offices and fired off the first round of questions in the battle for your support:

ZOOT: Why don't you like the magazine?

HATE: I guess you could say the name turns me off.

ZOOT: The name?

HATE: It makes me think of AADAC.

ZOOT: ZOOT CAPRI makes you think of AADAC?

HATE: Well, it's right there, as soon as you open the cover.

ZOOT: Do any of you still receive the magazine? Have you been taken off the mailing list?

HATE: Hopefully. I couldn't stand another one.

HATE: I still get it. I keep hoping it'll get better.

ZOOT: What was your first reaction when you saw it?

HATE: I thought, "I'm not into bagpipes. I'm not into throwing up on people's shoes...."

ZOOT: Did you read the magazine from cover to cover?

HATE: I went through it, but nothing caught my eye. There was nothing interesting in it, so I threw it out. They sent me another one and I tore it up. Now I just directly burn them.

ZOOT: Isn't there anything good in ZOOT at all? You'd think that after five issues....

HATE: *Climbing Across Edmonton*. That was alright. It was funny.

ZOOT: Why do you think AADAC sends ZOOT CAPRI to you, anyway?

HATE: They send it to every teenager, don't they? I don't drink much and I'm not into drugs so I really resent it.

ZOOT: Is that what the magazine is about, drinking and drugs?

HATE: It's saying you shouldn't abuse it.

ZOOT: Would the people who work on the magazine drink or do drugs?

HATE: Maybe moderately. I think that's okay, doing it moderately.

ZOOT: Is the magazine saying not to do it at all?

HATE: Don't abuse it, yeah.

ZOOT: Hey, make up your mind. There's a big difference between moderate use and no use at all.

HATE: It's like there's no in-between ground. It's completely bad...don't do it. I think it's saying don't do it.

ZOOT: Does anyone else have an opinion on ZOOT's attitude toward booze and drugs?

HATE: I don't think it says enough. I think that if you're going to talk about it at all, you get right down to it and talk to the heads themselves. You'd be able to find out what thrills them and why they get stoned all the time and what's the big deal.

ZOOT: Do heads read ZOOT?

HATE: Probably not. They don't read anything.

ZOOT: Who *does* read the magazine?

HATE: Preppies. Squares. People who play video games and get 90% averages.

ZOOT: What are *your* marks like?

HATE: Pretty good.

HATE: Okay, yeah.

HATE: So-so. Alright, I guess.

ZOOT: No 90% averages, though. Right? What other kinds of things are you into? Let's go around the table.

HATE: Sports.

HATE: Boys.

HATE: Pink Floyd, The Police.

HATE: Art. Painting and drawing.



Zits Zantini is such a loser...he makes you feel better about yourself. He reminds me of Clinger, on MASH!



I like the cartoon about throwing up on the guy's shoes. That happens a lot.



Yes, I would think that some teenagers would like ZOOT CAPRI. There are some pretty deranged people out there.

HATE: I babysit a lot.

ZOOT: Well, you all sound pretty square. I mean, none of those things are super radical or guaranteed to upset your parents and bring down the system. Did I tell you we've got a photographer coming in about 20 minutes from now?

HATE: I'm getting out of here. I'm going to *kill* myself as soon as I get out of here. My friends think this magazine is pretty weird and tasteless and if I'm in it they'll laugh at me for the rest of my life.

ZOOT: If they think it's weird and tasteless they probably won't read it anyway.

HATE: That's true.

ZOOT: What about the rest of you? Are your friends going to give you a bad time for coming here?

HATE: Well, the ones that don't like *ZOOT*, they'll bug me for a little while, anyway.

HATE: I told them I was coming. They thought it was neat...an experience.

ZOOT: A weird and tasteless experience, admittedly....

HATE: I really wouldn't care what they said. If they can't handle it, they're not my friends.

ZOOT: What did you expect we'd be like ...the people who put this thing together?

HATE: Business suits, red-neck T-shirts.

ZOOT: Real classy. Have we lived up to your expectations?

HATE: Not...exactly.

ZOOT: I guess it hasn't come across, but what we're trying to say with *ZOOT* is that you don't have to just sit back and let life happen to you. You can do things to make your experiences more interesting and fun, and relationships more the way you'd like them to be, and your life generally more positive and less pulled down by hassles and problems. The alcohol and

drug thing is just an example of where this approach makes sense. Everyone is going to have some contact or involvement with alcohol or some other drug. Question is, will you deliberately make sure that you keep away from the problems and avoid getting into a rut that in the long run is usually a drag compared to a lot of other things you could be doing? I think a lot of kids are tired of hearing simple "don't do it" messages, and they expect us to be saying it whether we are or not. We're not anti-anything. I drink. Moderately, I hope. We're pushing something a bit more complicated. We're saying you should actively work at making your life work out right for you.

HATE: A lot of things you talk about are either too strange or too expensive for the average teenager.

HATE: Or you have to have an awful lot of commitment....

HATE: You're always talking about individuals. What's wrong with being part of a group?

HATE: Like, I can't afford to go skydiving. And I'm not going to start playing the bagpipes.

ZOOT: Do you know how much it costs to go skydiving? Would you like us to tell you? Would you like to do it?

HATE: Sure.

ZOOT: You *could* get a group together and all of you could commit to ways of saving enough money for all of you to take the course....

HATE: It would be nice to see more things in the magazine that you don't have to spend your entire life to get good at.

ZOOT: Let's talk about some of the features that appear in the magazine, like our visits to different schools. What do you think of *Recess*?

HATE: I like it, they have funny comments under the pictures.

HATE: I don't see why you have to do Spirit River. I'm not particularly interested in Alberta schools.

HATE: I am. I can't really see the point in going to Los Angeles or some place like that. What has it got to do with me?

ZOOT: Well, you can't please all the people, all the time. At least half of you will enjoy the *Recess* in this issue.

HATE: The interview with Sean Kelly... you just about had to read the whole thing to find out that he's the *National Lampoon* guy and a friend of John Belushi's. It would be easy to skip right by it. Like, who is this guy? His name doesn't mean anything to me, and "*National Lampoon*" is so small you can hardly see it.

HATE: Yeah. You should make it easier to figure out what the articles are going to be about, so you don't always have to read them to find out. Or maybe you just skip by it altogether.

ZOOT: What about *High Zoot*...the pictures and song lyrics thing.

HATE: You've done a good thing there. More pictures would be good.

ZOOT: The cartoons?

HATE: They're not funny.

HATE: *Alberta* is. It's the only one that makes any sense.

ZOOT: Do you read *Hot Kids*?

HATE: Except when it's about bagpipes.

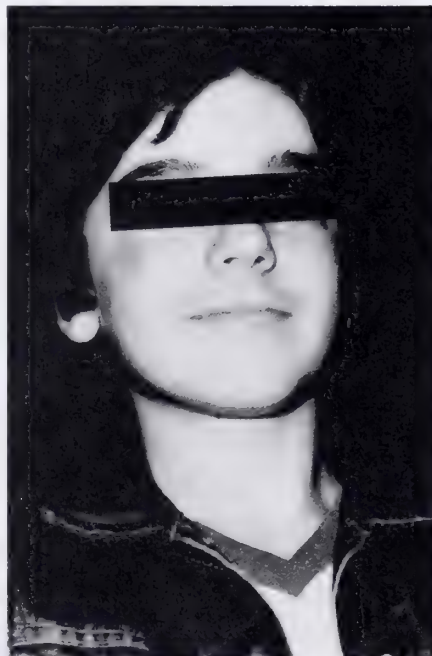
HATE: It's got something going for it. It says that you can do what you want to do and not worry about peer pressure. Not that many people play the bagpipes, fortunately.

HATE: It's interesting to know what other kids are doing, even if it's something you wouldn't want to try yourself.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39



It says over and over that you should be an individual, do your own thing. What's wrong with groups, anyway?



You're offering help for problems I just don't have. Thanks, but no thanks.



I didn't like the interview with the Earth. I really can't get into politics.

DID YOU SEE WHAT I SAW?

tran • scend • ent

1. beyond the limits; surpassing; excelling; extraordinary. 2. separate from or beyond the material universe. 3. far out!

By Ken Low

Have you ever felt as though an experience you've had was part of something much larger? Something very powerful, something *beyond* the familiar boundaries of everyday life? If so, you have had a transcendent experience.

Transcendent experiences are fairly common. Just about everybody has them, but people don't talk about them much. Transcendent experiences are difficult to talk about because they are so very different from our usual, everyday experiences. These special experiences also suggest that life isn't what it seems to be on the surface, and this can be hard to handle. So, not knowing what to make of them, we usually keep them to ourselves or talk about them in shorthand terms like, "far out," "blown away," or "unbelievable."

Even though they aren't easy to talk about, we go out of our way to have these experiences, sometimes making them the most important thing in our lives. There is a good reason for this. Transcendent experiences may hold valuable clues to understanding what life is all about.

Transcendent experiences have the effect of drawing our thoughts and feelings away from small, everyday realities to some larger sense of things. Following is one initial list of activities and situations that produce transcendent experiences for many people.

Star Gazing

At night we can see a little way out into the cosmic ocean. It's an awesome and beautiful sight.

The sheer size, scope, and mystery of the universe provide a ready source of transcendent experience. Step outside on a clear night, anywhere in the country, and there you have it: the shoreline of the universe.

Fire Watching

Firelight is a magical demonstration of the basic powers in the universe. Besides offering the hypnotic effect of dancing flames, fire reminds us that the universe is made up of forces and changes beyond our ordinary awareness.

The way we use fire reflects its transcendent value. Although open fireplaces are no longer needed for heat or light, people still like to have them. Campfires encour-

age reflective thinking. We use candles in religious worship and celebrations of special events like birthdays. The spirit of the Olympic Games is symbolized by the Olympic flame. Eternal flames burn at many memorials and graves of great leaders. People hold lighter flames above their heads at rock concerts as an expression of group spirit. Small wonder that little kids are so interested in matches!

Spectacular Landscapes

High mountains, deep canyons, vast deserts, deep forests of large trees... all can develop a sense of the immense powers of nature and the ancient forces that shape our planet. It is no accident that many of the world's great religious leaders found their inspiration in the wilderness. People often seek such places out when they feel a need to get in touch with themselves, and we can become very attached to some particular spot because of the peace we feel there.

Being In Love

Love strikes people in different ways, but there

is no doubt about how powerful an experience it can be.

Some people find that being in love with another person opens them up to all kinds of things that we normally tend to skip over in our lives: the beauty of nature, for example, and the value of simple acts of kindness. Other people think in the heroic terms of climbing tall mountains, swimming deep seas, or saving mankind from great peril.

Sexual experience is a source of transcendence in many people's lives. Not everyone has such feelings about sex, but a lot of people find it a powerful and mysterious experience that provides an opportunity to think about life and what it all means. Sex seems more likely to be a powerfully transcendent experience when it is between people who really do love each other.

Of course, love can go far beyond romantic attachment to another person. Often, it becomes something closer to a family love, extending to a larger group of people, or even to all humankind. Most of the great religious teachers, poets and philosophers in history have been moved by such love.

Music

Musical tastes vary greatly, but most people will agree that listening to some kinds of music produces transcendent experiences.

As with all forms of transcendence, people can respond quite differently to music and to different kinds of music. Some people cry; others grow very excited; others become deeply reflective.

Powerful music is often part of large group celebrations and ceremonies, and can stir people to think about and do things they wouldn't ordinarily consider.

Very loud, driving rock music that can be felt as well as heard, has the additional effect of "power noise." Many different kinds of loud sounds can produce transcendent experiences: thunder, artillery, even the engines of race cars and dragsters.

Altered States of Consciousness

Altered states of consciousness can be produced by several different methods:

- fasting, or going without food for several days
- sensory isolation: being in an environment where there is little to see, hear,

Transcendent experiences are difficult to talk about because they are different from everyday experiences.



The pressure of everyday things causes us to focus on what is close at hand, while all around there is a whole universe of other things that we could be thinking about.

or feel. This can be achieved in specially constructed isolation chambers, or sometimes in desolate countryside.

- social isolation: being by oneself for long periods of time
- physical shock or trauma resulting from injury or loss of blood
- some forms of meditation, chanting, or hypnosis
- drug use or intoxication.

The Sundance Ritual used by the Plains Indians involved piercing parts of the pectoral or chest muscle with a long thorn or sharpened stick, tying it to a lanyard fixed to a pole, and dancing around the pole until the muscle severed. Because of their careful preparation, this shock often helped produce a transcendent experience for the participant.

It is often difficult for

police to tell whether accident victims are intoxicated or in shock because of the intensity of the altered state that can be produced by injury.

Some drugs, particularly the psychedelic drugs, LSD, mescaline, and psilocybin, have been used in their naturally occurring forms to produce uncommon perceptions. Historically, this has usually been found in the religious traditions and ceremonies of certain native North and South American groups, and in other cultures elsewhere in the world.

Flat-Out Performances

Observing or participating in athletic or artistic performances that take it to the limit often stirs very strong feelings that go beyond everyday concerns.

The sensation of giving something "all you've got" often produces a combination of fatigue and transcendence that some people find particularly powerful. Marathoners talk of "runners' high," a state of euphoria produced by facing an effort beyond what the person believes he or she is capable. A lot of recent research suggests that actual changes in brain chemistry may be largely responsible for these feelings.

Team Transcendence

Have you ever watched a school of fish or a flock of birds move as though they were one being? Well, people can do that too, with practice, and when they do, it often provides people with a sense of transcendence.

Precision marching, dancing, singing, close teamwork of any kind can do it.

Being Close To Life And Death

Transcendent experiences can be produced by being close to the "gates of life," seeing the birth of a baby, or having someone close to you die. Being reminded of the boundaries of our lives makes us more aware of the mystery of life itself, and everyday things may seem less important as a result.

One point of all this is that the pressure of everyday things causes us to focus on what is close at hand, while all around there is a whole universe of other things that we could be thinking about. Transcendent experiences occur when we deliber-

ately or accidentally pause to focus on parts of the larger picture.

The effects of powerful transcendent experiences are not always positive. Sometimes individuals lose their interest in everyday things as a result. Sometimes groups will use transcendent experiences to manipulate or brainwash others, providing a powerfully moving experience and then plugging in their own, self-serving interpretation. This is what the Nazis did with their huge rallies, and some advertising taps into the power of transcendent images and music.

On the other hand, kept in balance, and with care not to interpret them too quickly, transcendent experiences can help us to keep a perspective on what life is all about. ▀

LIVING WITH A

40-PROOF PARENT

MANY ALBERTA TEENAGERS LIVE WITH AN ALCOHOLIC FATHER OR MOTHER OR BOTH. THE SITUATION ISN'T A HAPPY ONE, BUT IT ISN'T HOPELESS, EITHER.

BY TIM LESLIE-SPINKS

ILLUSTRATION: RUSS WILLIAMS



R. WILLIAMS

"MY DAD CAN'T LIVE without alcohol. He drinks from the time he gets up in the morning until the time he goes to bed. If he doesn't, he gets really sick. My mom drinks, too. But not every day."

We all go through periods when life at home is pretty weird. But one of the good things about most families is that they're able to get by the temporary hassles through co-operation: everyone does what he can to make the best of a bad situation. For thousands of kids in Alberta, that bad situation is that one or both of their parents are alcoholics.

In order to get a sense of what life in an alcoholic family is like, we talked to a girl who lives in a small town in southern Alberta. "Cindy" asked us not to use her real name because she didn't want to risk hurting her mother and father, but she was prepared to talk openly about her life and how she deals with her parents' alcoholism. Cindy's aunt and uncle live in the same area and are also alcoholics. She has an older brother and sister who live away from home, and one brother we'll call Billy, who lives on the farm with Cindy and her parents.

Although all four kids in Cindy's family have made firm decisions not to use alcohol, this is not the usual case. In fact, the children of alcoholic parents run a *four times* greater risk of becoming alcoholic than do those whose parents are not alcoholic. We asked Cindy why she thought that happened.

"Maybe they think that if it's okay for the parents, then it's okay for the kids. And some kids try to teach their parents a lesson by showing them exactly what they look like when they're drunk. You know, 'if you can be blasted all the time then that's what I'll be.' Sometimes it hurts the parents enough that they stop. But not often."

Nobody completely understands why the children of alcoholics are so likely to become alcoholics themselves. Everybody

learns things from their parents that become part of their own adult behaviour. And in some cases, kids adopt their alcoholic parents' drinking behaviour. There may also be some hereditary factors involved, but research in this area has still got a long way to go.

THE GOOD NEWS IS that there are some things that can be done to make life a whole lot easier when one or both of your parents is alcoholic.

The best first move is to *learn* something about alcoholism. People who are alcoholics don't drink because they want to—they drink because they have developed an addictive behaviour that has such a grip on their lives they can't shake it. More and more often we see famous people who may be brilliant or super talented, who have publicly admitted that addiction has damaged their lives. From this we can see that an addiction to alcohol or a prescription medication used too long, or to some other drug is a risk faced by everyone who is human. It is not a matter of being weak-willed. Anyone who drinks can become an alcoholic, given the right circumstances and the all too common mistake of not recognizing and avoiding the problem early enough. It's not a class or economic thing. Alcoholics are farmers, doctors, housewives and priests who share a condition which eventually affects work, social relations and family interactions as well as physical and mental health. All kinds of information about alcoholism is available from school counsellors, AADAC offices, Alcoholics Anonymous, clergymen and doctors, so step number one is to check out the facts.

A lot of what Cindy told us had to do with the roles that different members of her family played as a result of her parents' alcoholism. It's important to realize that families are closed systems...meaning that a change in the role or be-

haviour of one family member automatically results in everybody else's role or reaction shifting slightly so as to keep things steady. In fact, you should think of alcoholism as a family problem because everybody, not just the alcoholic, is affected.

Kids in family situations like Cindy's tend to develop certain survival techniques in response to the stress created by alcoholism. Unfortunately, some of these survival techniques may be hard to shake and lead to trouble once the kids become adults.

In Cindy's family, her brother, Billy, had to take over more and more of the farming chores as their dad's alcoholism got worse. Billy is typical of kids who survive by becoming The Responsible One in the family...teens who take on responsibilities that most kids their age do not have to worry about. These responsibilities can include covering for work not done by parents, looking after the younger kids, preparing meals and generally organizing the family chores and other activities. These kids get very good at manipulating people in order to get things done. They also tend to be overachievers because they feel responsible for so much. Many of these "responsible" children have talked about their need to always be in control: an obsession which leads to difficulty in social and work relationships. One sad result is that many of these kids end up deprived of meaningful relationships. They tend to grow up feeling unentitled to relaxation or to being cared for themselves. Incapable of intimacy and afraid of appearing vulnerable, they often become workaholics.

Another survival technique kids use when growing up in alcoholic families is being super flexible. Anyone who lives with an alcoholic parent knows that life is predictably unpredictable. The rules are always changing and this leads to a lot of family con-

flict. Often, the attempted solution is to try to smooth over all the conflicts and make everybody feel good. The trouble is that constantly avoiding conflicts and confrontations really just trains you to hide your own emotions. You learn not to express your feelings and finally, not to feel at all. Adults who used the smooth-it-over technique while they were growing up tend to continue taking care of and trying to please others.

the things I'd tell them is that you're not the reason for their drinking, so don't let it hurt you."

WHAT IS NEEDED IS a way to step back a little for an objective view of what's going on in the family. That can be tough to do with people you love a lot and hate to see hurting themselves. There *are* some moves that seem to help.

First of all, how do you salvage your respect and love for a parent who is



ANYONE WHO LIVES WITH AN ALCOHOLIC PARENT KNOWS THAT LIFE IS PREDICTABLY UNPREDICTABLE. THE RULES ARE ALWAYS CHANGING AND THIS LEADS TO A LOT OF FAMILY CONFLICT.

All survival techniques have one thing in common: they're intended to make things better for the kid who does them, and for the family as well. The trouble is that no matter how well the kid may act out his or her survival role and try to make things better, the drinking doesn't stop. Why? Because the kid's behaviour is not the cause of the parent's drinking. A solidly established dependence or addiction is the cause for the parent's drinking.

Cindy sees the guilt trip that kids get into in alcoholic families as the most important issue. "One of

drunk and acting strangely much of the time? Cindy tries not to be around when she knows her parents are really drunk. "When mom gets bad, no one can say anything without getting into a fight. So, what I usually do is go to my room or to Billy's room. If she's drinking, she wants to fight and if there's no one around, she can't."

If your parents drink a lot, get out of the house and visit a friend or relative, or at least get out of the room. A good idea is to have a plan: places to go and people to see. If things get really difficult or vio-

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HIGH ZOOT

I SEEN A GIRL ON A ONE-WAY CORRIDOR • STEALING DOWN A ONE-WAY STREET
• FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE AN URBAN TOREADOR • SHE HAD WHEELS ON HER FEET

Lyrics - Mark Knopfler, Dire Straits
Photo: Jon Foster

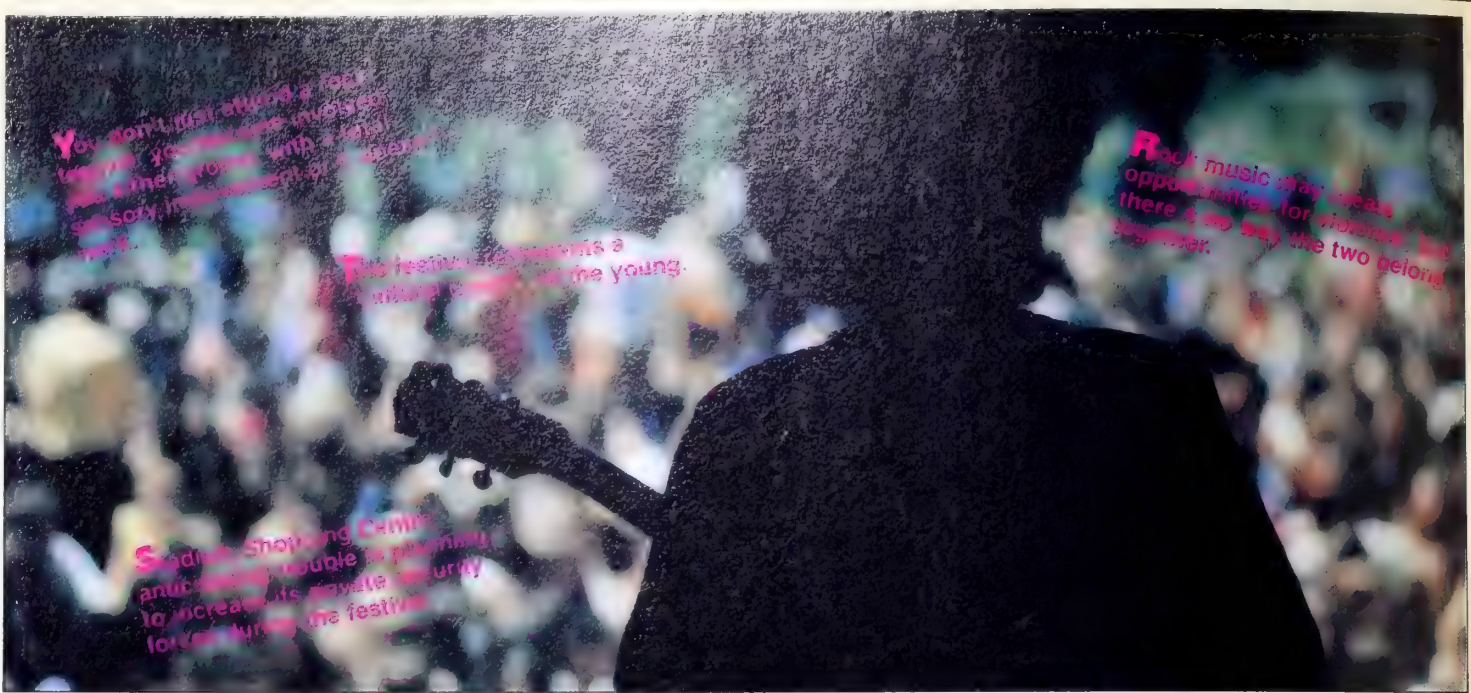


HIGH ZOOT

WHERE IS THE REASON ? • DON'T BLAME IT ON ME • BLAME IT ON MY WILD HEART

Lyrics: Steve Nicks
Photo: Edward Gajdel





Nobody here knew what to expect. A travelling rock show, *FESTIVAL EXPRESS 70*, was coming to Calgary.

It followed in the wake of Woodstock, the granddaddy of rock festivals, which had taken place less than one year earlier. Kids from all over North America went to that one: drove, bussed, hitch-hiked and walked to the festival site on a beautiful dairy farm in upstate New York. More than 400,000 kids showed up, creating for three days the fourth largest city in the state, and the biggest party in history. Some people viewed this youthful invasion with the same enthusiasm that 8th-century villagers on the coasts of Britain viewed visits by hordes of Vikings. The governor of New York prepared to declare an emergency, call out the National Guard, and start evacuating people by helicopter. But, somehow or other, the problems were worked out. Local townspeople, who had originally opposed the festival, contributed "care packages" of food and water, and generally, the kids avoided trouble.

The Woodstock Festival was a main event of the

Hippie Generation. The war in Vietnam was at its peak and the "establishment" seemed to have a coldly limited view of life. Hippie kids were not embarrassed to talk openly of peace, love, and brotherhood. They rejected many conventional values, let their hair grow, wore outrageous clothes, and went exploring the frontiers of both their minds and the countryside. They explored their minds with drugs, meditation and music, and the country with old busses and backpacks, feet and outstretched thumbs. Most adults saw these kids as undisciplined and self-indulgent. But some adults were impressed. Max Yasgur, the farmer who owned the land where the Woodstock Festival took place, said at the time: "If these are the kids who are going to inherit the world, I don't fear for it."

Max Yasgur was concerned about one thing, though. He felt there wasn't enough understanding between generations; that the kids were onto something very important, and that they weren't getting any help. He spent most of his free

time after the festival promoting communication between youth and adults and defending the civil rights of teenagers.

The world knew about Woodstock. Now we had our own rock festival to manage.

Festival Express 70 was a travelling rock festival, a trainload of rock musicians travelling across Canada in a special train and giving large concerts in four Canadian cities, including Calgary. Preparations here included an emergency clinic called Tranquility Base, to be situated in the stadium where the festival was to be held. As education and training officer at the Drug Information Centre, I was in charge of the drug-problem side of the operation. We expected the usual assortment of bad trips, overdoses, poisonings and injuries that were generally part of such events at the time.

We were, in fact, prepared for almost any disaster. City hospitals and doctors were helping out with enough volunteers, equipment, and emergency procedures to handle a minor war.

War was on the minds of some others involved in the preparations. Threats

of large-scale gate-crashing, schemes of political activists and the unpredictable nature of 20,000 people high on music, drugs, and life itself, had some people worried. Arriving very early in the morning on the first day to help get things set up, I watched a young policeman load his lever-action hunting rifle and tuck it into the trunk of his car. People really *didn't* know what to expect, but on the surface, at least, everything was calm and under control.

The weather was hot and clear, except for a brief dust and rain squall around noon on the first day. We started to get patients before noon, mostly cuts and splinters in bare feet. By 2 p.m., we had our first drug case and within an hour we had 10 more.

The biggest single problem was the bad LSD trip—something requiring, among other things, lots of reassurance: quiet conversation, holding, hugging and rocking.

There was reassurance aplenty at Tranquility Base. The doctors looked on uneasily at the unusual style of treatment. They were trained to keep a distance between themselves and the patient—a neces-

sary attitude in most clinical situations. But when a person is out on the edge of the universe and wondering if there is any hope or any point in coming back, a more personal approach is needed. Our volunteer counsellors understood a basic principle of caring for others that is not taught in medical schools: when a crisis strips you of your identity and everyday certainties, any human being who understands and is sympathetic with your plight becomes so close to you that personal boundaries disappear. It's something like the ultimate form of love and acceptance of one's fellows that we hear about from religious leaders or people who have been to frontiers of existence together, as sometimes happens in great adventures or battles.

So the doctors looked after the injuries, the illnesses, and administered tranquilizers when the agitation could not be calmed in other ways. The hand holding, hugging, rocking and quiet discussions about the frontiers of being were left to others.

There were times when we had more than a dozen

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L O W Z O O T

Extra

There are lots of fish in the sea. Some are bigger than others. There are lots of articles in Zoot. Some are better than others. In this unheard-of 16-page insert, we are reprinting the most popular past features of our mag: the *Best Of Zoot*, according to you, the Readers Of Zoot. We are hoping that the good stuff contained in these priceless (free, we remind you) pieces will offset the tacky paper upon which they are printed, and the lousy quality of their reproduction.



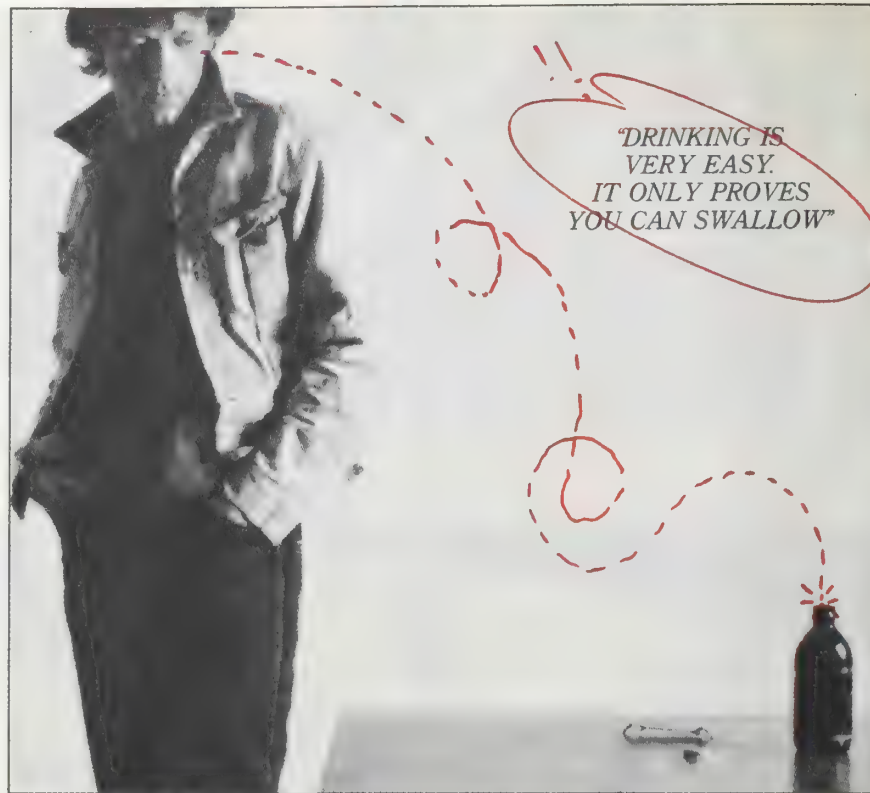
ILLUSTRATION: BRUCE CARTER

DURRANT ON DRUGS

Something very bizarre once happened to me. I had been asked to speak to a large group of parents about kids and drugs, and the man who had arranged the whole thing showed up drunk. We were in a school auditorium ... there were at least 400 people there, and the person who was supposed to stand on the stage and introduce me was so bombed he bounced off the wall trying to make it through the door into the gym.

Luckily things worked out alright. Before he could do too much damage he was quietly taken off to the principal's office to sit out the evening. It was a very strange situation. How can someone arrange an educational program about drug abuse, and then arrive intoxicated? What was going on in this man's mind? He had wanted to help people understand drug abuse, but I don't think he understood it at all. He certainly did not think of alcohol as a drug (although it is), and I suspect he believed that drug abuse had to do with some other kind of person - probably a younger person. The other problem was that this fellow was an alcoholic. When you are hooked on something yourself, it is hard to see your own behavior clearly. Even if he knew that alcohol was a drug, he probably would have told you you were crazy if you suggested he was a "drug abuser."

Everyone should know the difference between drug use and drug abuse. Knowing this can help you make sense of the drug use you see in the movies, on T.V., in your family, and among your friends and acquaintances. Knowing the difference between use and abuse helps you decide what kind of drug use is



O.K., and what kind of drug use is not O.K.

When you are surrounded by beer, wine, liquor, over-the-counter drugs, prescription drugs, cigarettes, and all the illegal drugs, you do need a way to sort it all out. For example, let's say you know someone who seems to drink quite a bit. How can you tell if what they are doing is O.K.? How do you know if it is a problem?

Take another example. A teacher has been using sleeping pills, and he's increased the amount he takes so that he is hung over and a little "spaced out" during the first one or two periods each morning. At what point does his drug use become drug abuse?

I often find myself at parties where people are standing around, drink in hand, making small talk. "Nice day!" "Trudeau is destroying the country!" "What sort of work do you

do?" I used to avoid this last question because when I mention that I work in the alcoholism and drug abuse field some people suddenly get very nervous. They look sheepishly at the drink in their hand, they quietly try to put it down somewhere, or they make some silly comment to assure me that they are not heavy drinkers. This is ridiculous. They should have enough confidence to know whether or not their drinking is alright. It's a rare treat to meet people who have thought about their own use of alcohol and made a decision. People who are able to see if their drinking is trouble-free, or causing problems for themselves or somebody else. In the first case, they do not need to worry about it. In the second case, they have crossed the line from use to abuse and they should do something about it.

Drug use is drug abuse when it causes problems for the user or someone

else Let me give an example using the drug alcohol again. If people use alcohol in a way that causes no problems for themselves or anyone else, then I would call it alcohol use. However, if they drink and then get rowdy and mean and ruin your party, I call that alcohol abuse. The important question is: what is happening because of the alcohol use? What are the results or consequences, and are they hassling or hurting themselves or someone else?

Impaired driving is another obvious example of drug abuse. Someone is using a drug, and someone is at risk of getting hurt. Is it drug abuse when a young woman smokes during pregnancy? I think so, because it represents a health risk for the unborn baby. Another example might be failing an exam or messing up on a job because you were stoned. It could even be

going out with someone and getting so drunk that they never want to see you again. Unless you really want to fail, and lose your job and your friends, this looks to me like drug abuse. A type of drug abuse that I find really annoying is when people get intoxicated and then crash into others while they are skiing. They are using a drug in a way that means that someone, possibly me, is at serious risk of getting hurt.

There are two important types of abuse that are a bit hard to pick out sometimes because the problems may not become obvious for a long time. The first is when people start forming drug use habits that will eventually result in them getting hooked (addicted or dependent). So watch out for people who seem to rely on drugs like marijuana and alcohol to make themselves feel good. The second situation is when someone misses out on a certain part of growing up because they are drunk or stoned a lot. I had a friend in high school who was so nervous around girls that he made sure he was at least a little bit drunk every time he went to a party or went out with someone. The result was a miserable guy who found that he still couldn't talk comfortably to young women when he was in his twenties. This can be a real problem when it's time for a serious relationship.

A final point ... don't confuse use and abuse with legal and illegal, or with what personal beliefs say about what is wrong or right. These are different questions. Meanwhile, keep your eyes and your mind open, and make some decisions for yourself. What are drug use and drug abuse as you see them?

730 IVES.

Drinking and driving is a splendidly effective way to kill yourself and others. Evidence, both popular and scientific, supports this conclusion. About boozing and driving much is known, in general and detail. About motorcycling under the influence, there's little data beyond accident statistics: who was at what alcohol level before becoming a casualty. We had lots of questions about drinking and riding, and found few textbook answers.

BLOOD, BIKES & ALCOHOL

This article by Phil Schilling is reprinted courtesy of a U.S. publication, Cycle Magazine.

In Alberta, a driver ... or rider ... with a blood alcohol content of .08 is legally impaired.

HOW WELL CAN A rider operate a motorcycle while under the influence of alcohol? To find out we got a group of staffers increasingly intoxicated, measured the Blood Alcohol Contents, and monitored their riding performances in a battery of special tests.

How well can an experienced rider operate a motorcycle while under the influence of alcohol? How much do riding skills and overall performance deteriorate? How accurately can a drinker assess his impairment? How much and what kind of drinking does it take to reach a legally drunken state? How does the legal limit for drunkenness compare with the rider's perception of his level of intoxication and how do both relate to his actual performance?

While we didn't have a government-funded grant for study or an elaborate test facility or test subjects representative of the motorcycle population or matching control groups, this didn't bother us. We were curious for our own sakes, and we wanted the best answers we could get with the resources at hand.

The magazine could provide test subjects, separated from motorcyclists at large by their experience and skill in motorcycling, if not in barhopping. We could begin by getting our subjects increasingly intoxicated in carefully monitored steps, and measuring their ongoing riding performance in a

Measuring Blood Alcohol Content (BAC) is usually expressed as the number of milligrams of alcohol in 100 millilitres of blood. Five milligrams of alcohol in 100 millilitres of blood would be .05 BAC. Most American law enforcement agencies consider an individual "affected" at .001 to .049 BAC,

president and general manager, Felix Comeau, who has an extensive background in breath-testing.

THE COURSE

WE DEVELOPED three tests to evaluate rider performance: a slow course, a fast one, and a reaction

a set of lights at 20 miles per hour; once he was in the cone-lined approach lane, one of three signal lights would indicate a left or right turn into coned side corridors, or a full stop in the main lane. No light at all signalled the rider to continue straight without stopping.

The site of the test was El Mirage Dry Lake in Southern California. We thought the surface would remain relatively consistent, and the wide-open area would provide a safety-margin. Full medical facilities were 15 minutes away. We selected a Yamaha IT250 for the slow and fast courses; a Honda XR500 was the lane-signal vehicle. The riders made a series of timed and measured baseline runs through the tests in order to diminish the effects of learning (which would improve performance) and to establish personal levels of performance while sober. The entire operation offered some potential for serious injury. No one knew how much, but it was presumably low enough to be acceptable to the editor, who would bear absolute responsibility for any unhappy event. In short, if anything went wrong, it was his ass.

THE SUBJECTS

PHIL SCHILLING, Don Phillipson, and Mark Homchick came to the test with different dirt-riding experience, drinking histories, and eagerness and/or curiosity. Each subject qualified as a light-to-moderate drinker. On average in the course of a week, Homchick has



series of special tests, repeated after each round of drinking. Second, observers could watch the test subjects during this drinking bout; the manner in which a task is performed can be as revealing as any deterioration in the actual performance of the task. Finally, the test subjects could be asked to maintain firsthand accounts of their progression into a legally drunken state. We wanted to know how the test subjects felt about their condition and performance as the alcohol content rose in their blood.

"impaired" between .05 and .09, and "intoxicated" beyond .10 BAC. Alcoholics can function to some extent from .25 to .40 BAC, but by .60 the next of kin should direct-dial an undertaker: acute alcohol poisoning will bring on cardiac arrest.

BAC can be measured by blood and/or urine test, but a breath tester or "breathalyzer" is the easiest method to check BAC. We arranged to use a Borg-Warner J3 Digital Alcohol Level Evaluation Road Tester (A.L.E.R.T.) from Alcohol Countermeasures Systems, Inc. The box came with ACS vice-

test. The slow course consisted of three offset gates through which riders would thread in a trials like fashion; the longer it took to travel the 50 feet, the better the score. The "fast" course was a short, six-turn loop. Although two tight gates demanded precise riding, the course rewarded aggressive riding. The lay-out required no more than first, second and third gears; we wanted to minimize the risk of injury by limiting speeds. The reaction test attempted to simulate a realworld emergency situation: the rider approached

one or two drinks, Schilling two or three, and Phillipson regularly consumes a six-pack or two. Phillipson has the most experience in heavy drinking from his desert-racing days, which used to conclude by everyone getting blotto. The other two subjects have rarely been fully intoxicated - or prefer not to remember.

What's Yer Pleasure? We wanted a cross-section in liquor types, so each subject chose his own pleasure. Don Phillipson pounced on his favourite, Molson; Mark Homchick selected a trendy white wine, Beau-lieu Chablis; and Schilling was left with the hard stuff, 80-proof Smirnoff Vodka. Since we knew the alcoholic content of each type, we could adjust the volumes so each subject would get 0.6 ounces of pure alcohol each round. That's the amount in a typical bottle of beer, five ounces of wine, or a shot of hard stuff. Although weight is an important consideration in an individual's response to alcohol, we didn't tailor dosages to pounds. We could track an individual's BAC level with the A.L.E.R.T. box and adjust alcohol intake accordingly.

Each subject had a hefty breakfast and did not eat lunch. The testing began about two-thirty in the afternoon. During the test the drinkers ate nothing but a few potato chips.

ROUND ONE

THE FIRST ROUND of drinks had little apparent effect. The booze may have relaxed the riders; it didn't significantly impair any mental or physical processes. In keeping with their baseline scores, Phillipson and Homchick were very close in fast course time, but Homchick had a considerable edge on the slow course. Far behind these two was Schilling, Senior Citizen and Dirt Donk Emeritus. Homchick measured .004 BAC, Phillipson averaged .0035 BAC, and Schilling didn't budge it.

ROUND TWO

EACH SUBJECT drank his second round about 30 min-

A SLOW COURSE, A FAST COURSE, & A REACTION TEST WERE USED TO EVALUATE RIDER PERFORMANCE.

utes after his first. Although fast course and reaction test results stayed about the same, the performance of each rider declined distinctly on the slow course. Schilling and Phillipson looked a little unsure; they dabbed a few times and brushed some cones. Homchick, however, made major mistakes. Not only did he brush cones, he stalled once, knocked over cones, and missed one gate. All observers agreed that he forced himself into these errors by trying too hard.

One hour and two drinks brought a definite shift in testers. The alcohol seemed to amplify the basic traits of each subject. Racer Mark, who barely controls his aggression and competitiveness in normal circumstances, began to bare his

though poor judgement made Mark erratic, his immense natural ability and balance seemingly offset the alcohol's effects, as measured in objective tests. Mark's fast course times were still good but he felt his performance on the reaction test was beginning to slide.

Don became more aggressive, he tried to beat Homchick on the fast course. Phillipson's results in the reaction test were fine, but his slow course results were weaker. Although his times didn't show it, Don's control was off, he dabbed and ran over a few cones. Perhaps more significant is that Phillipson's attitude changed drastically from that of his previous slow course runs, he just laughed and shook his head

limits.

Up to this point Don had been increasingly silly; now he was becoming mercurial, showing flashes of wildness and aggressiveness. He was squirrely on the fast course, hanging the tail end of the bike out and he wanted to prove he was as quick as Homchick. "I'm getting faster, consistently faster, on the MX course. But 30 seconds of concentration on the slow course? There's just no way." Mark declared he felt a little numb all over. Don's retort? "I feel great."

Meanwhile, Phil remained consistently quiet. All his actions were becoming slower and more deliberate; he hid behind his note pad; his riding performance continued to decline; he was losing his concentra-

concerned with having a good time; Phillipson was aggressive and belligerent. Mark's speech was thick and slurred, and he was forgetting where he left his helmet and gloves. He had consumed nearly a fifth of wine - the most he'd ever had in one sitting. He reaffirmed that he would never ride in this condition. Homchick dabbed and stalled on his first slow run, and he knocked over cones on every lap of the slow course. Although he cut his second-fastest group of runs on the fast course, he was wild and erratic, with no sense of traction or throttle control. He summed up his condition: "I've had the ultimate novacaine trip; I feel like I've been to the dentist all over my body." The A.L.E.R.T. box showed .105. Mark was legally drunk.

Phillipson, antagonistic after six beers, vented his frustration on the slow course. On the last slow run he knocked over the first two gates; disgusted, he quit. He swore at the cones.

On the fast course Don went absolutely berserk, getting sideways everywhere, and cutting his fastest lap of the day. On the reaction course he went wild too, failing to negotiate a right turn for the first time. Afterwards, he admitted he didn't like the slow course and didn't have the concentration to cope with it. He had lapses while speaking and difficulty maintaining his train of thought. He knew he was buzzed. He said he would never ride in this condition, but then he added that he didn't feel bad, he wasn't wobbly and he could converse and debate with anybody. Don's breathalyzer tests averaged .086, not quite over the legal limit.

Schilling, with seven shots, was a little unsteady on his feet, visibly suffering the alcohol's effects. On the slow course he hit cones, motoring over one without trying to avoid it. On the fast course he looped around in big, wide circles to stay out of the loose stuff, and again ran over a cone. Schilling completed every

THE ALCOHOL SEEMED TO AMPLIFY THE BASIC TRAITS OF EACH SUBJECT.

Race-day incisors. Phillipson, usually easygoing, cool and congenial, became broad and expansive, bent on having a good time. Schilling, ever the conservative and professional editor, was determined to maintain control and conduct himself with perfect sobriety. The breathalyzer read: Homchick .027, Phillipson .021, Schilling .005. Puzzling. Mark and Don were right on schedule, but Phil seemed to control his physiological reactions as well as his overt behavior.

ROUND THREE

HOMCHICK, MR. Competition, downed his third glass of wine in three minutes flat. His slow course performance was again marred by major mistakes, he stalled the bike, dabbed and knocked over cones. Al-

though poor judgement made Mark erratic, his immense natural ability and balance seemingly offset the alcohol's effects. Phil, still reserved, seemed to suppress the effects. More important, his BAC was still puzzlingly low: .019 compared with .043 and .033 for Homchick and Phillipson, respectively. To pump him up to .10 before dark, we put him on doubles.

ROUND FOUR

HOMCHICK AND Phillipson underwent further changes in the fourth round. Mark, who had been unrelentingly and abrasively competitive, now became silly and giddy. He began to slur his words, though he performed well on all tests. Mark recognized that his skill-level was falling. He accepted that and worked within lower

with each mistake. Schilling's performance was slightly worse on all three tests, and he said he felt the alcohol's effects. Phil, still reserved, seemed to suppress the effects. More important, his BAC was still puzzlingly low: .019 compared with .043 and .033 for Homchick and Phillipson, respectively. To pump him up to .10 before dark, we put him on doubles.

ROUND FIVE

DOUBLE DOSES had quickly elevated Phil's BAC and we decided to continue the doubles. Don, who was lagging a bit in the BAC race, likewise went to doubles.

The fifth round marked the point of no return for all subjects. Up to this point riders had shown a gradual decline in physical ability, but diminished concentration was their most serious loss. The fifth round produced both blatant physical impairment and complete personality transformations. Homchick, though still competitive, was mainly

THE FIFTH ROUND PRODUCED BOTH BLATANT PHYSICAL IMPAIRMENT AND COMPLETE PERSONALITY TRANSFORMATIONS.

maneuver on the reaction course, only because his approach speed was far too slow. We re-routed him through the test, but since he couldn't maintain a steady 20-mph, he failed the test completely. At .081, Phil was still short of being officially drunk.

ROUND SIX

THE LIGHT BEGAN to fade quickly. For round six Mark got his usual dose; Don and Phil, doubles. Mark choked, caught himself, and with considerable effort, held everything down. Pale green, Mark refused his last ounce of wine. Nobody argued. On the slow course he scattered cones. He fell on the fast course. He passed the reaction test, but his approach speed was erratic and he was crossed up on many turns. Then, while circling out for another approach run, he looped the Honda when pulling a wheelie. He later explained: "The wheelie was an important test for me because I'd been able to do it all day long. But this time my reactions were too slow to save the bike."

Don completed his transformation to Mr. Hyde. He laughed at the other two testers and berated them for acting drunk. "I, on the other hand," he explained, "am a very mature person. At this point I'm lucid, I can talk. I can talk about the meaning of life. I can talk about Kierkegaard, about angst" Don began the slow course seriously and then became upset when he did poorly. Still, with concentrated effort on his last of three passes on the slow course, Don got through without toppling a cone. He crashed on the fast course; he was slower and more erratic. At one point he detoured

THE SUBJECTS PRODUCED THREE "CLASSIC" REACTIONS: THE CONSERVATIVE DRUNK, THE CAREFREE DRUNK, AND THE DANGEROUS DRUNK

over to the slow course to scatter the cones there deliberately.

Phil was reeling and wobbling on his feet. On the bike he dabbled, paddled, and bulldozed his way through the slow course; he got around the fast course, averaging about three seconds longer than his baseline scores. The reaction test? Hopeless. He couldn't approach at 20 miles per hour, so he failed again. After the last set of tests the BAC score ran: Homchick .141; Phillipson .125; Schilling .108. All were officially and legally drunk.

What did it all mean? First, we witnessed an excellent cross section of drunks by broad types. Our expert, Felix Comeau, pointed out that the subjects produced three "classic" reactions: the conservative drunk, the carefree drunk, and the dangerous drunk.

Schilling represented the conservative drunk: he approached the test in a sober and quiet manner, and he ended it in a drunk and quiet manner. Phil tried to stay under control at all times, and while the booze slowly but surely eroded his motor and balance skills, it never took control of his personality; he always remained aware of the consequences of his actions. That's a good thing, because alcohol so compromised his test performance that out in the

real world he would have been a menace: his drop of sensory awareness, reaction time, and ability to carry out the proper task could have easily involved him in an accident. If you identified him as Mr. Responsible at a party and decided he was the safe driver in the crowd, you'd be dead wrong. He'd be safe only because he wouldn't drive.

Schilling's low initial BAC levels and retarded BAC gains could probably be traced to slow stomach emptying. Stress and pain will slow the stomach emptying, and the editor, who is never very relaxed anyway, was understandably very apprehensive about somebody getting seriously injured. Just so the worry wouldn't go to waste, we think, he broke a toe before the test began. Downing double-shot doses of 80-proof liquor probably slowed stomach emptying too. Add to this the rapid ingestion of alcohol, coupled with less orange juice and more vodka in succeeding mixes (maybe 50/50 at the end). It was a great formula for stumbling, falling down, and miserable barfing, which the editor did in his quiet, conservative way.

Homchick's booze reaction was "carefree". Granted, Mark was extremely abrasive and competitive at the outset, but we know him and expected that. On balance,

his performance throughout the day could be called irresponsible, but in the good sense. He would do almost anything on a dare, and he was having a great time. Yet his irresponsible bent was tempered by a degree of sensibility; he always retained a sense of consequence for his actions. Indeed, the point at which Mark decided he would not be driving or riding came very early on, and that's even more remarkable, given his skill level. He had the ability to deal with the tests - he failed nothing - and he probably performed better drunk (as measured by raw numbers) than the vast majority of riders could stone sober. But this should not obscure the fact that Mark suffered serious degradation compared with his starting point. More important - his mood changed - but nothing like the change in Phillipson's.

Phillipson was a classic dangerous drunk. His cool, mature judgement and solid control went to hell in a hurry. Although he started out fun-loving, his overall outlook worsened as his BAC climbed higher and higher. His mercurial attitude and his aggressive and destructive actions on the slow course gave Felix Comeau pause. He labelled Don's attitude as one of wanton and reckless disregard, which is the police term for criminal negligence. Significantly, Phillipson wanted to continue

the testing, he completely misjudged his state, and he argued loud and long about how drunk he wasn't.

The most significant result of our testings indicates how inadequate hard-and-fast definitions of the word "drunk" can be. In the narrow physical sense, a legal limit of .10 BAC roughly coincided with the points at which our subjects became physically impaired in overt ways. This legal limit is meaningless, however, because it cannot and does not take into account the single most important effect of alcohol: mood change.

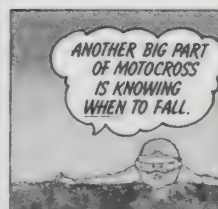
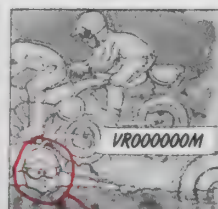
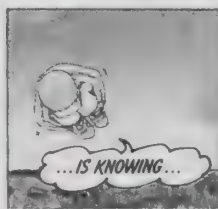
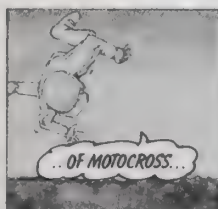
Long before we saw any loss of motor control, we witnessed distinct transformations in personality and losses of judgement. The effects of the alcohol upon our test subjects were not linear; when the BAC curve was rising, all three drinkers showed a much greater reaction to the booze than their BAC figures would otherwise suggest, and once all testers were up to the legally drunk limit, the variations in attitude and in physical effects were strikingly dissimilar. BAC is no indication of the "berserk" factor, which may be the one that really counts.

The significant loss of judgement by drinking riders cannot be over-emphasized.

Perhaps that was best illustrated by Phillipson. During the long hours on the trip home, Don argued continuously and fervently about how well he could function. He wasn't drunk, he maintained, and he made that declaration one last time as he got out of the van and waved good-night.

The next morning - scant hours later - Don grinned sheepishly and admitted, "Boy, I sure was drunk last night."

IT WAS A GREAT FORMULA FOR STUMBLING, FALLING DOWN, AND MISERABLE BARFING, WHICH THE EDITOR DID IN HIS QUIET, CONSERVATIVE WAY



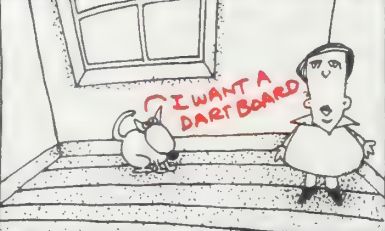
A Boy and his Room

WITH BUCK DEWEY AND HIS DOG, RADAR
© By AL PAVLIS

Buck Dewey: a shy and sensitive boy of five, is given his own room. Free of his brother and sisters, he plans to create his own identity within four walls.

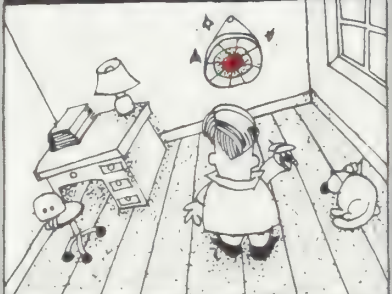


Buck's room like Buck is simple, undeveloped and lacking personality. But

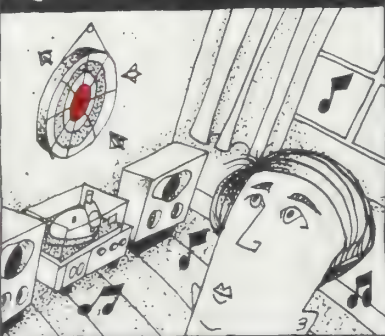


Hang in there !!

A new dart board and Buck starts to take aim on his true character.



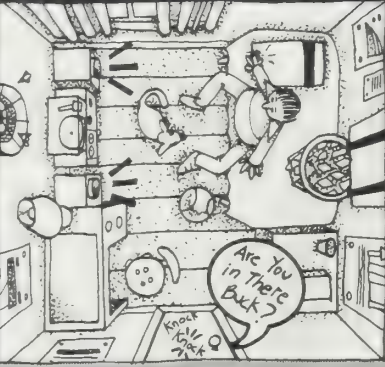
In time, new stuff reflects new interests



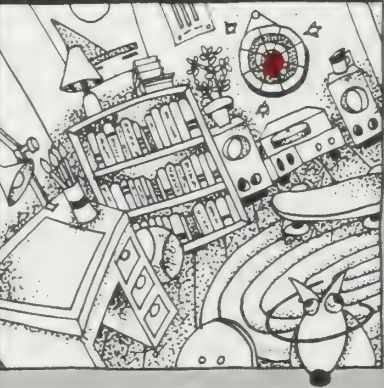
Buck is a full person living a full life ...



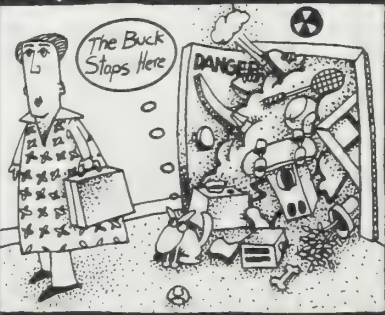
... in a full room



finally ...



It's time for college. Bye! Bye! Room.



Just in time too!

THE PERFECT

AND TWENTY THINGS IT MUST HAVE.

We asked our readers what kind of space they'd like to be in, and they offered the following description of the Perfect Room. It is the perfect room, too. It makes our *HIGH ZOOT* offices look like trash.



kids in the world are up to. A remote control is essential, of course.



THE PHONE

The popular touchtone, in any colour but black, should have a private line if at all possible. A long extension or several jacks will allow you to stand on your head and trim your toenails and talk at the same time.

THE BATHROOM

According to the *ZOOT SURVEY*, the perfect room will be attached to its own bathroom. A private bath is especially necessary if you have younger brothers or sisters with a lot of tub toys. Or if you have older brothers or sisters who like to spend a lot of time looking at themselves in the mirror.



THE CARPET

This must be *thick*. How thick? Thick enough to double as a mattress when friends stay over. A comfy carpet also keeps your feet warm on cold mornings; preventing chills and improving school attendance. Point *that* out to your parents.



THE TELEVISION

Your idea of a great show and your parents' idea of a great show are not the same. So when Square Pegs comes up against Monday Night Football, you retire to Your Room, where your Sony portable is hooked up to a satellite dish receiver, so you can find out what the other

THE CLOSET

Not just any closet will do. A giant walk-in closet allows you to view your extensive wardrobe with ease. No need to pile stuff high behind closet doors that always jam. No more

ILLUSTRATION: AL PAVLIS

E6 - 28.32 46.19 64.51

1000 - engine - broken - no chance men --- TALK TO JERRY V....!



Inside your room, the world is exactly as it should be. But what about *outside*? Your window keeps you in the picture. Big or small, your window brings you the sun in the morning and the moon at night. And makes neat sounds when it rains. The most outrageous window you can have is a skylight, except when it hails.

Posters are cheap and you can change them as often as you like. As your heroes change, so do your posters.

Next to posters, plants are about the least expensive decorator item you can buy. So what if they use up all the oxygen in the room at night and you wake up as green as they are?



ZOOT READERS love mirrors. They reflect your good taste in reading our magazine. Mirrors are *big*. The bigger the better. A well placed mirror can double your number of track trophies, or the size of your room.

Just a couple of years ago, a library of video

games would *not* have been considered an essential item for your room. Times change. Today, video games help you get the maximum use out of your TV. The absolute best set-up is to have a home computer that not only plays games, but does your homework as well. (Anyone for a few screens of Math-Man?)



with red clothes
Next to your bed, your dresser is the most important piece of furniture in your room. Hopefully it's a big one. A small dresser is no good at all, because you can't get everything into it unless you fold your clothes real neat and like, who has time for that?

It's your room, right? Naturally, it expresses your own standards of cleanliness and design. Which may not agree with your parents'. No problem. What you don't show won't hurt them. A messy room and a good lock make a great combination.

C'mon, guys, don't you think that you're pushing your luck just a bit?



You have to have a desk to do your homework. Which may explain why

ZOOT READING agree that any great room is a great place for a great light show. Makes sense to us. Lights let you change the look and mood of a room at the flick of a switch. One minute, you're in a study hall. Next minute, Disco City!

It starts to get silly. You want a sauna in your room? If you *really* want to work up a sweat, think about explaining that to your folks.

More nonsense. Maybe we asked for too long a list.



Finally! The last word on the perfect room. Seems you want an exercise area, so you can keep up with the current fitness craze and give yourself something to admire in all those mirrors you've got scattered around. **■**

And that's it!
The Perfect Room.
Sounds just like
yours? PERFECT!

Q: If you had to leave your room in a hurry, and you could grab just one thing on the way out, what would it be? **A:** My waterbed.



LUCKY FOR YOU

A young girl plunges from a small aircraft to take part in a skydiving exhibition over a University. Together with three other jumpers, she completes a complex series of manoeuvres before opening her parachute. Her main parachute fails to open above her. Unable to release it before opening her reserve chute, she watches the back-up canopy become hopelessly

entangled with the useless main. She has seconds to think about her grim situation before she bounces off a sharply sloped roof and rolls down an embankment into a ditch filled with water.

An ambulance arrives on the scene to find the girl nursing a broken wrist and talking to stunned spectators. Is she lucky? **I WOULD SAY, YES!**

Is she lucky? Anyone who falls 8,500 feet from an airplane trailing two useless parachutes and lives to tell about it would sure seem to be. On the other hand, you could say that anyone who jumps from an airplane with two perfectly good parachutes and has *both* of them fail at the same time is just plain *unlucky*. Like most things in life, luck is often a trade.

The old good news, bad news bit.

Luck can be other things, too.

It can be good planning in disguise.

It can be the product of persistence.

And good luck and bad luck almost always live right next door to each other.

But it isn't the object of this article to *tell* you about luck. Our goal is to *make* you lucky!

The next few pages could *change your life*, with luck.

Most lucky people have similar and sometimes surprising things in common. These characteristics of the lucky person can be translated into six lucky tips - six ways for you to get lucky.

1. LUCKY TIP NUMBER ONE.

Make friends. *Lots* of friends. Lucky people believe that other people are out to help rather than hurt them, and they feel that way themselves. Lucky people believe that good deeds have a way of being repaid, often in strange and mysterious ways.

2. LUCKY TIP NUMBER TWO.

Follow your hunches. Lucky people do have hunches. We've all had a hunch that we were going to lose a friend, fail an exam or have to be home by eleven. A hunch is something you can't really explain, but that you can use. The thing is to combine your hunch with your knowledge of the situation. Merge your 'soft feelings'... your hunch... with hard facts, and make your move based on both. It

takes practice. You'll get better at it with time and experience.

3. LUCKY TIP NUMBER THREE.

Don't be afraid to take chances. Lucky people tend to be bold people. The idea is that for anything...including something lucky to happen, you've got to be where the action is. You have to be ready to move from where you are to where you want to be, without worrying a lot about what you're giving up. This doesn't mean that you should take foolish chances or jump at the first...and possibly worst...opportunity. It's just that you should be prepared to enter a situation without having complete knowledge of it.

4 LUCKY TIP NUMBER FOUR.

Don't let yourself get stuck in a rut. Don't wait forever for a bad or unlucky situation to get better because the chances are that it won't. A sort of snowball effect starts happening and everything goes from bad to worse. For example, people who make a lot of money in the stock market are the ones who aren't afraid to lose. When things are going badly, they cut their losses by getting out before things get worse. Most people can't do that. They wait for things to improve, which they rarely do. They wait till it's too late to get out.

5. LUCKY TIP NUMBER FIVE.

Be prepared for the worst. That way, you'll be able to think clearly if things go wrong...or right. If you become too optimistic, you'll drop your guard. You should always enter a situation with a good idea of what you'll do if it does go wrong. For example, you're going for a drive in the country during the winter. It's a nice day, but you throw some extra clothes in the car just in case. By late afternoon it's cooling off and the car breaks down. Lucky you have those warm clothes along.

6 LUCKY TIP NUMBER SIX.

Be aware. Know what's happening around you. Even things that don't interest you now may have a message for you later on.

The winning lottery ticket is 654396789. With one chance in billions to hold the hot ticket, a man in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan checks the winning numbers against his own. Six, five, four...three, nine, six...WOW Seven...eight...three. Is he unlucky! (Actually, the chances of holding ticket number 654396789 are exactly the same as the chances of holding ticket number 654396783. Our loser still beat incredible odds.)

Okay. **♀ - LUCKY GUY**

Let's draw a picture of a lucky person. She or he is probably outgoing, honest and loyal. Willing to help others make an easier time of their lives. In short, a good friend. Our 'lucky' person has hunches and supports them by checking out the facts, but she or he is still willing to take a chance and tackle something uncertain. In fact, this person's willingness to try new things is one thing that makes them an interesting person to be around.

Your lucky friend doesn't take good luck for granted. He knows that things change, and you can be up one minute and down the next. Only thing is, if things go wrong, he's not that upset by it. If the movie is sold

out, your lucky friend probably has another one in mind, and he's probably figured out that there's just enough time to be over to the other theatre. Not only that: later on he'll be talking about what a great movie it was and how lucky you both were to miss the first flick, which was probably a turkey.

Your friend is aware, open and eager to try new things...as long as his feelings and knowledge indicate that they're good things to try.

Six of John's friends have applied for part-time jobs at the restaurant. They've all been turned down. John himself has been turned down three times. Arriving home from school one day, John learns that the restaurant called. They wonder if he can start work on Wednesday evening. John is overjoyed. Is he lucky? (No. He's just persistent. John's the only one in his group who didn't give up the first time he was turned down. When a job finally did open, his was the name the employer remembered.)

What is luck, anyway?

Let's take a situation any teenager can relate to. You're going to ask to use the car on Friday night. As a kid with all the characteristics of a lucky person, you've given your parents all kinds of reasons to say yes. You've befriended them. You've kept your word on most occasions. You're loyal, you're honest. Nevertheless, you have a hunch that

the answer is going to be 'no'. (Perhaps it's Friday the thirteenth and in your case that's *unlucky*.) Nevertheless, you're bold. (Lucky tip number three) and you're going to ask anyway. "Hi, Dad. Is it alright if I borrow the car tonight?"

"Sorry. Your mom and I are going to the Wilsons." What a bummer.

But you recognize an unfortunate situation and decide to let it lie there, rather than get yourself down trying to fight it.

"Oh, that's okay. It won't kill me to take the bus. Thanks anyway."

To which father replies: "Where are you going?" "Downtown. To a movie." "Well, why don't we drop you off? The Wilsons have their apartment in town."

"Fantastic! That would be great!! I'll just have to take the bus home then."

You're getting lucky. You're on a roll. Don't expect too much, but go for it, anyway!

Dad again:

"Mmmmm. I'd just as soon you weren't standing around a bus stop that late at night. Tell you what. Why don't you drop us off at the Wilsons, and pick us up later on?"

Can you believe this is happening? **OH WOW!**

"Okay. I just thought that I might grab a coffee later on with some of the other kids who are going...we might be a little late..."

"That's alright. We haven't seen the Wilsons for ages. We'll have a lot to talk about. Just give us a call when you're ready to pick us up. But no later than one, okay?"

"You've got it!"

Now if you're *real* lucky,

the conversation will carry on something like this:

Dad says: "You know, this would all be a lot easier if you had your own car, and I did get that bonus last month. I've been wondering what to do with it..."

But don't hold your breath.

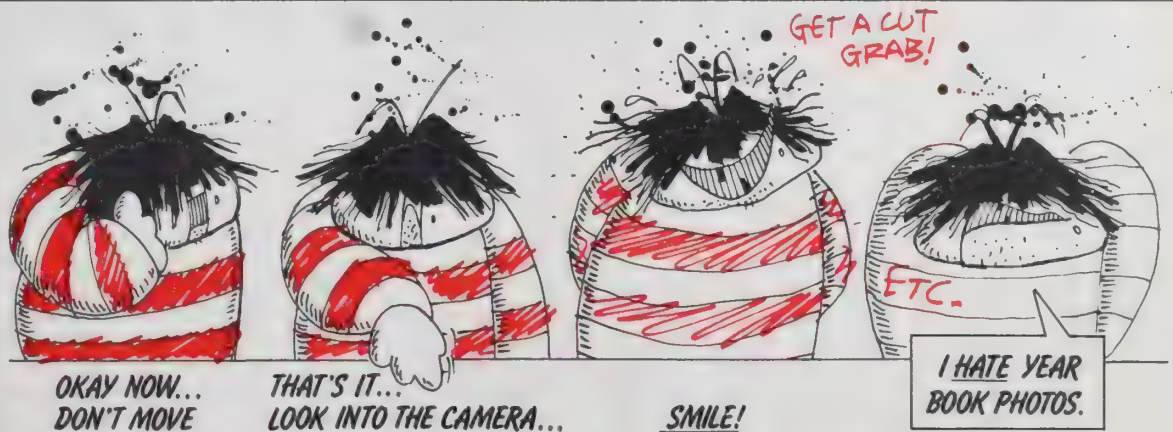
A construction worker in New York slips from the second storey building he is working on. He falls only a short distance, about 10 feet, but he lands on a length of reinforcing steel imbedded in the recently poured foundation. The half-inch steel bar passes through his body from buttocks to shoulder blade, missing his kidneys, colon, heart, lungs and liver. The man is treated for his minor injuries, and released from hospital.

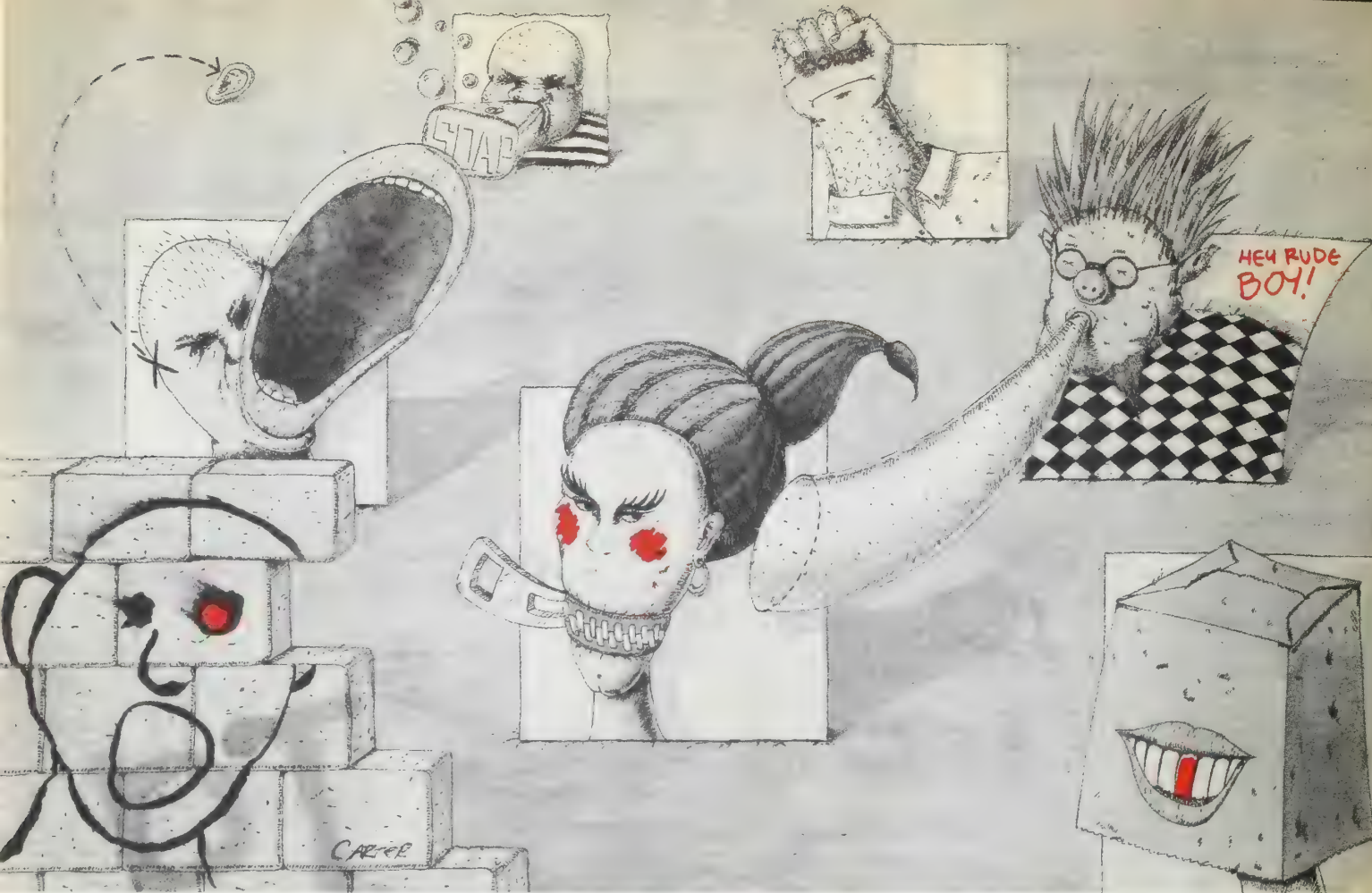
Is he lucky?

Think back on a situation where you figure you had bad luck. Then look again at the characteristics of our lucky person. What changes in attitude or better preparation would have made the situation any different? Look ahead to a situation where you want to be the recipient of good luck and ask yourself the same questions. Don't even try your luck until you've convinced yourself that you've done the best you can to make yourself lucky by meeting the six requirements for good luck. Take what you've learned here and apply it with friendliness, with an open mind, with courage and with a little pessimism.

And Good Luck!

G R A B E R I N S K Y





Words can leave us with a totally false impression of another person's intentions or beliefs and discourage us from going any further toward finding out where they're coming from or why.

We string words together to build bridges. Bridges of communication. We tell jokes, and people laugh. When they do, we establish that we have something in common; a similar sense of humor. That knowledge brings us closer together. When we express sympathy for someone else's situation we construct bridges of caring and understanding. The advice we offer says that we're concerned for another human being, and that we're prepared to share what we've learned ourselves. A simple "hi" to a stranger you pass on the street on the way to school is a bridge to the whole of humanity. Giving your greeting makes you feel good, makes the other person feel good and affects, in some small way, how the two of you interact

WALL OF WORDS

Words are great bridges; the best and the least expensive we have when it comes to getting across to other people. But words can also be walls.

with everyone else you meet that day.

Words are great bridges, the best and the least expensive we have when it comes to getting across to other people. Words are free and effective. But words can also be walls. Teenagers get trapped inside walls of words all the time. We all have trouble with words now and then. They let us down. A lot of times, what

comes out of our mouths has nothing at all to do with what's going on in our heads. We should learn to realize that words can be deceiving and live more by a "don't go by what I say, but what I do" rule.

We should also try to recognize when the words aren't working and try to see past them.

Are any of the following walls of words familiar to you?

THE WALL OF BABBLE

Some people just don't seem to be able to shut up. Their world is a world of words... usually their own words. These people construct a wall of babble. Since no one on earth can make sense or have something interesting to say twenty-four hours a day, a lot of what these people

come out with just isn't worth hearing. Or worth saying. How do you get through the Wall Of Babble? First, it helps to know why the wall exists at all. People who talk a lot are often really insecure. They're afraid that if they don't appear "on" all the time, other people will think they're dull. They may be afraid that if they let someone else slip a word in edgewise, it will be a better word: wittier, funnier, more observant and almost certainly more to the point. So they fire out a constant stream of verbiage in the hope that they'll be able to hide their real inadequacy. Another thing: if a person is talking all the time, there's no time for him to think about how insecure he feels, right? How do you deal with this type of person? Well, the last thing to do is to tell him or her to shut up. That will be taken as an attack and they'll fight back with more words. The key to handling people who hide behind a Wall Of

Babble is to get them to *think* about what they're saying, and not just throw out words to fill up the silence or stop other words from getting through. One thing you can do is turn the conversation around to some interest you know the person has. Get them to talk about something you think they do well, or praise them for the way they treated someone or dealt with a situation you'd like to know more about.

This may work, because when people start talking about something that's important to them, they tend to start *thinking* about what they're saying.

Anyway, it's worth a try *before* you try a more direct approach.

WALL OF GRAFFITI

For a good time, call 123-4567. Ask for Sue.

Some people have something to say about everyone except themselves. They're the kind of people who try to build themselves up by putting everyone else down. What a drag. This is really boring. And it usually backfires. After all, even a gossip has only so many people to gossip about. And gossip has a way of getting back to its victims, who often cease to be friends of someone who says unkind and untrue things about them. So people who construct a wall of graffiti pretty soon wind up with no one to tell about the other people. Assuming there's some salvage value in your gossip friend, how do you handle the situation? There are no hard and fast rules. But here's an idea that's worth a shot. Consider: Gossip works only when there's someone to gossip about. People very seldom spread rumors about others when the others are standing in front of them. So, why not invite your gossip friend to a gathering everyone you both know will be at; an event where it's impossible to sneak off into a corner to spread rumors about someone else. A party

you're hosting would be great! Again, like the person who builds a Wall Of Babble, the Wall Of Graffiti builder is probably suffering from a lack of self-esteem, so do all you can to build her or him up. When you're patting someone on the back, it makes it hard for them to punch someone else in the mouth.

THE FOUR-LETTER WALL

I was so $\frac{1}{2}$ drunk and I was driving so $\frac{1}{2}$ fast, I didn't know what the $\frac{1}{2}$ I was doin' when this cop pulled me $\frac{1}{2}$ over and charged me with $\frac{1}{2}$ dangerous driving and threw me in $\frac{1}{2}$ jail. Then he calls my $\frac{1}{2}$ parents and now I'm $\frac{1}{2}$ grounded for six $\frac{1}{2}$ months. $\frac{1}{2}$!!!

Amazing isn't it, how most word walls are built on the base of an inferiority complex. Here's another one. The guy is trying to appear cool and in control by using those *shocking* terms. (Sexism aside, it's usually a *guy* who makes sure that at least one out of every three words is a swear word.) If you've got a good way to handle this very common animal, we'd like to hear it. In the meantime, why don't you present the turkey with examples of people who are able to get an idea across *without* swearing? Something subtle like "I really think Jill has it together. She says what she means, you know? She doesn't feel that she has to say $\frac{1}{2}$ all the time to make her point. Don't you agree?" He'll reply with either "That's $\frac{1}{2}$ fer sure," or "Uhhh...yea... come to think of it, I guess you're right." But here's a warning. He may just carry on the way he always has. In which case you can tell him to take off, eh?

Here's another point to consider: people tend to do what the situation demands. It's just possible that your profane pal has spent too much time with a crowd that swears a lot. It

may take a while before he realizes that your crowd... the one he's part of now... is different. Give him the benefit of the doubt and cringe visibly when he lets into the four-letter lingo. Chances are good that he'll get the message and shape up.

THE WALL OF MYSTERY

Some people find it easy enough to talk, but almost impossible to say what they mean. It can drive you crazy. We all know people who never get to the point; their actual opinion on any subject remains a mystery no matter how long they talk about it. This person is trying to avoid a confrontation at any cost. She or he is afraid to express an opinion, because it may disagree with your own, and you may not like that. But who really wants a parrot for a friend? A straight approach to this kind of word wall may be best. Something like: "Look Marsha, I'd *really* like to know what you think about this. It doesn't matter whether or not you agree with me. I respect you, and I'd like to add to my own understanding of the subject by being able to consider a number of different angles on the thing. Including yours. So, like, say what you *mean*." Don't be too critical of the opinions you *do* finally get, or you'll turn your Wall Of Mystery into a Wall Of Silence.

THE BOSS WALL

The exact opposite of the Wall Of Mystery is the Boss Wall. This is the character whose every word is a command. Make no mistake about it: this person is a *bully*. Not that he pushes people around physically. He does it with words. Sad thing is that in today's world, the heavy-handed, pushy approach often succeeds. In a way, you have to give this guy some marks. At least he's not hesitant about expressing his opinion; you know where he stands and what he's going to do about it. *CONTINUED ON PAGE 43*

If you're smart, you can use the outspoken nature of a Boss Wall person to give the other members of your group a boost. Support someone who expresses a *different* opinion, even if you don't like it any better than the bully's. You'll encourage the quieter person to speak up, and at least you'll have more than one suggestion to work with. After Boss Wall loses a few rounds, he'll probably settle down and listen to suggestions from other members of the group.

THE WALL OF SILENCE

People who are unusually quiet are sometimes just shy and worthy of any sympathy and understanding they get. But this writer has another observation to make about the softspoken among us. Some people are quiet (a) because they don't have much to say or (b) because they think that it makes them appear mysterious and attractive. If you don't say anything, people will be curious about what you *might* have to say, and that's a great trick. It works especially well with members of the opposite sex. "She's so mysterious... there's just, you know, *something about her*!"

"No she's not. She's stupid. She can't think of anything to say because she's got an I.Q. of three."

So how do you deal with a person who is being quiet in order to appear complex and mysterious? Easy. Ignore them. If they want something, make them ask for it. Sorry to be so harsh. (Remember that some people are genuinely shy and afraid to speak out and don't *deserve* to be ignored.) How to tell the difference between a quiet, shy person and a quiet con artist? Easy. A quiet shy person is likely to be hard working, while a quiet con artist is always looking for the easy way out in anything, from finishing the assignment to having an opinion challenged.

THE WALL OF RUDE

The Wall of Rude builder is special. He has none of the problems of the previous six types. He's not afraid to speak out, or to listen for that matter. He doesn't necessarily swear a lot (although he may), and he has no trouble at all saying what he thinks. He isn't overly gossipy.

It's just that he has an incredible knack for saying perfectly alright things at exactly the wrong time.

Classic example: You've just sat down after paying your hard-earned five bucks to get in to the movie you've been wanting to see for six weeks. Trouble is, Old Wall of Rude behind you has seen it already and he's telling the lady he's with how it ends, in a very loud voice. What do you do? You cringe and sink lower in your seat, that's what you do. Because very few of us are able to stand up to an outright rude person, especially when we're in a crowd. But, hey! He's *ruining your evening*. And you should let him know it, if only for the sake of the guy who's going to be sitting in front of him at the *next* movie. Try a direct, polite request to please keep it down and keep it *secret*. Make it a *friendly* request, so you're not putting the guy in the position of having to prove he can stand up to you. If your polite suggestion gets dumped on, you might want to remember that part of your five bucks goes to pay the ushers, who are trained to deal with this kind of situation without spoiling the movie for everyone.

A FINAL NOTE:

When you encounter a wall of words, remember anything you can do to make the person behind the wall feel a little more at ease and sure of himself will help to bring the wall down. Remember also that you don't have to bring down *every* wall you encounter. It's okay just to walk around one now and then, too.

LET'S Cheat

THERE ARE GOOD TEACHERS, AND THERE ARE BAD TEACHERS.

With a bad teacher, you'll learn to choose your classes more carefully next semester. With a good teacher, you'll learn how to cheat.

Well, *maybe* cheat isn't quite the right word. A good teacher makes it easy to learn. They know all the shortcuts, and they have ways of making you remember them. ZOOT CAPRI has talked with a lot of students; not just school students, but people who are into track and field sports and learning things like jumping horses or music or motorcycle racing. And we've put together six of the best learn-

ing tips you can know. Tips the people we've talked to have picked up from teachers they admire. If there's something you want to get good at, it will help if you remember these tips.

1. DON'T TRY TO BE BETTER THAN SOMEONE ELSE.

Try to be better than yourself. If you set your performance standards by how well someone else performs, you'll never know how well you can do. Also, you tend to feel that it will be hard to do better than the other person, because they are, after all, the standard. The record-holder or whatever. How easy can it be to improve on what they've already done? At the same time, we all know that no matter how well we do, there's

always that feeling that we could have done just a little better. So it's relatively easy to imagine improving on your own performance. Always try to do better than yourself. You'll be amazed how many other people you beat that way.

2. DON'T TRY TO DO IT THE WAY SOMEONE ELSE DOES.

If you do, the most you can hope for is to be as good as the person you're trying to imitate. Do what you do. Learn your weaknesses and work around them. Discover your strengths and build on them. If you look at some of the top names in sports or entertainment, you see that they frequently have a style all their own. It's doubtful if Kim Carnes' career counsellor would advise her to take up singing. Or if he did, he would certainly suggest voice lessons to get rid of that raspy monotone. Jean Claude Killy became one of the greatest men's

downhill skiers of all time by breaking every rule in the book of style. Here's something that's important, though. You've got to know the rules, before you throw them out. Try it the way it's supposed to be done to see what's in it for you. Keep what you can use, and replace the rest with what works better for you.

3. THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO, NOT ABOUT WHAT COULD GO WRONG

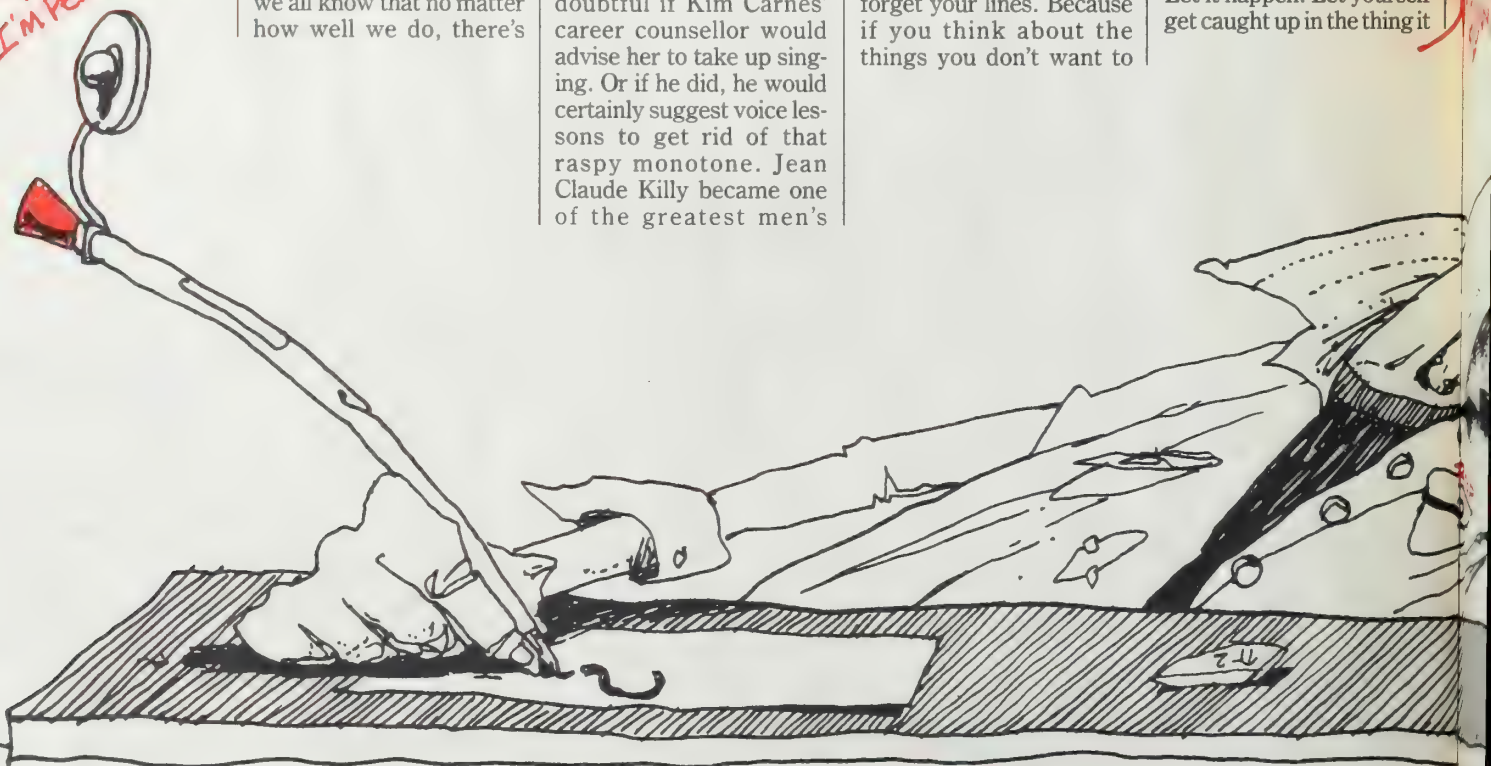
If you're really going to do well at something, it's going to take all of your concentration. You can't afford to have part of your mind worrying about whether you'll fail, fail, or forget your lines. Because if you think about the things you don't want to

happen, you'll increase the chance of them happening. Here's an example: riding a motorcycle requires mastery of a complex set of actions. Your hands and feet are kept really busy, and you have to be sensitive to speeds, pressures, and your surroundings. A lot of things are happening: the road surface is changing all the time, new traffic patterns build up, and you're constantly changing gears and braking as you vary your speed. One thing *isn't* happening: you're not falling off. Still, it's hard not to have it in the back of your mind what could happen if you *did* fall off. That's where that thought belongs. In the *very back* of your mind, where it won't get in the way of what is happening... a nice trip on a sunny day with a fully aware rider on a well maintained motorcycle. If you start to think about falling, you'll have less time to think about all those other things. And you'll probably fall.

4. DON'T TRY TO CONCENTRATE.

We're not saying don't concentrate. Concentration is the key to doing well at anything, from an English exam to winning a 26-mile marathon. Just don't *try* to concentrate. Let it happen. Let yourself get caught up in the thing it

Impossible!
I'm perfect!



...ine in this school.

is that you're doing. Prepare to enjoy whatever it is you're about to do, and your mind will just naturally get wrapped up in it, giving you the clear focus you need to get the results you're after. Concentration doesn't mean squinting your eyes, holding your breath, and bearing down. Concentration goes hand in hand with relaxation.

5. THINK ABOUT BEING WHERE YOU WANT TO BE. NOT ABOUT GETTING THERE

This could be called "thinking ahead", or "lead with your mind and the body will follow". A few years ago, Richard Bach wrote an incredibly popular little book called *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*. The hero of the story was a seagull who felt that there must be more to life than picking through garbage for scraps of food.

What he really took his greatest pleasure in was flying higher, faster, and farther than any gull had flown before. One of the best lines in the book is this one:

Perfect speed is being there.

The idea is that you go from where you are to where you want to be more or less instantaneously, without a lot of thinking about it along the way. Of course, before you can do that, you have to know all the right moves, and that takes lots and lots of practice. What you want to do is get to the point where your head can focus on your goal, and your body

will automatically do what is necessary to reach that goal. If you're thinking: "Oh, I've got to remember to hold the reins like this and move my weight like so and look over there as I clear the jump," you've got a lot more practicing to do before you have your mind and body in perfect harmony, for perfect speed. Incidentally, karate and the other martial arts are excellent for mind-body development.

6. USE YOUR BIG HEAD: PRACTICE.

You can't do anything without practice. Practice

really does make perfect. The more you practice, the better you'll be. The more you study, the more you'll know. But how often have you heard someone say: "I could do better, but I can't find the time to practice." Here is a really useful tip you can pass along to the next person you hear say that. (Don't be ashamed to use it yourself, either.) Think about this:

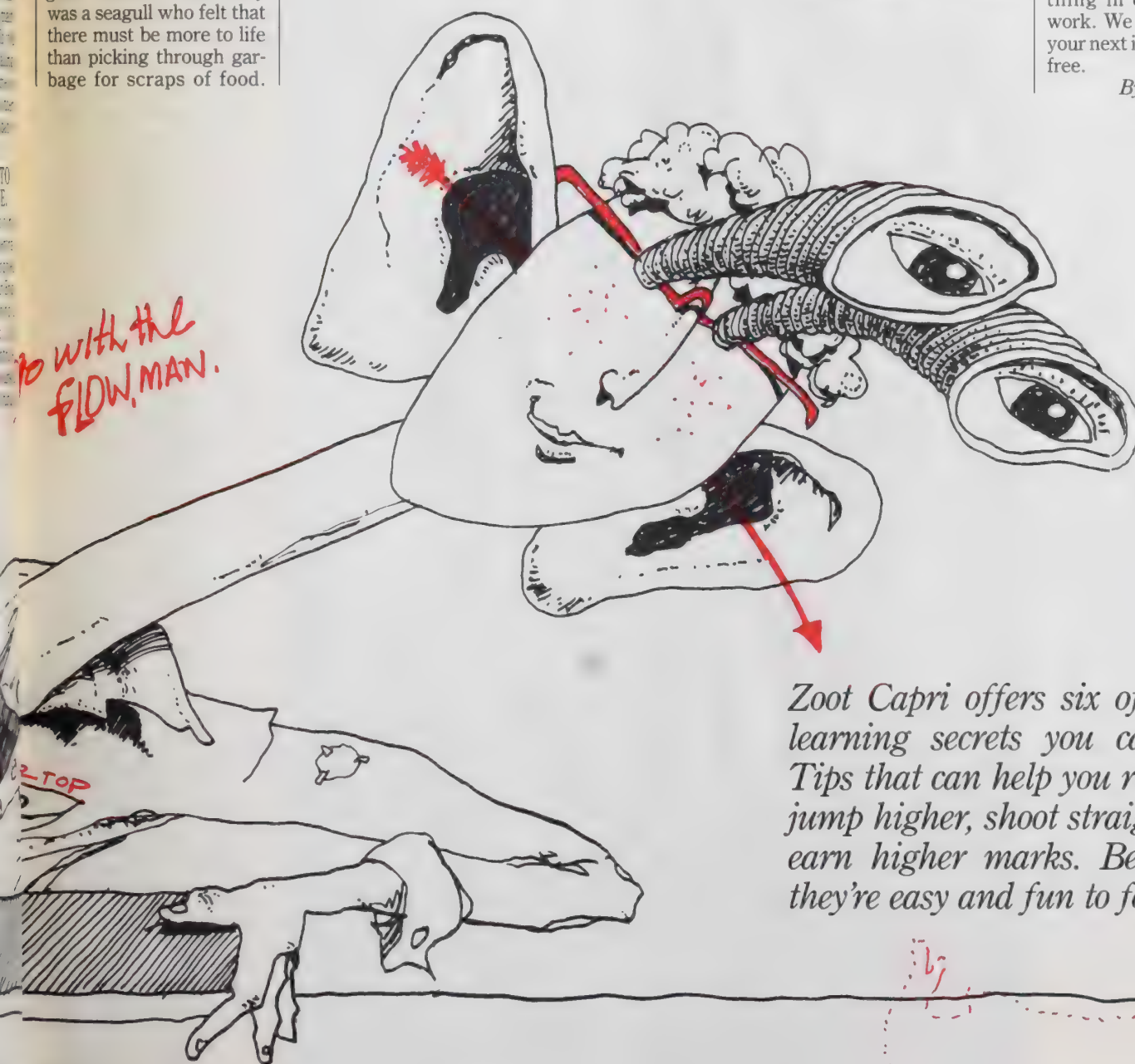
Your body can't tell the difference between a real experience or an imagined one.

Wow! Heavy stuff. It's the same as saying that if you think your way through a tricky gymnastics routine, the benefit in terms of *practice* will be the same as if you'd actually put yourself through the bit physically. Or almost,

anyway. What it means is that once you've made a few attempts at that new ski run, you can practice it over and over in your mind, anytime you've got some spare head space. You could make a half dozen runs before you fall asleep tonight! And think of the money you'll save on lift tickets. You won't get cold feet, either. There's one catch here: doing something wrong over and over in your mind will guarantee that you'll do it *wrong* when you actually get onto the hill, into the gym, or into the pool. So start out with a *real routine*, a *real instructor*, and a real commitment to get the basics down pat before you start your mind-rehearsals.

These tips all have one thing in common: they work. We guarantee it, or your next issue of ZOOT is free.

By DAVE JACOX



Zoot Capri offers six of the best learning secrets you can know. Tips that can help you run faster, jump higher, shoot straighter and earn higher marks. Best of all, they're easy and fun to follow.....

For as long as she could remember, Karen had felt that something was wrong. She just didn't fit in. It seemed that everyone around her was more exciting, more fun...more interesting. To herself at least, Karen was dumb and dull. And she was going to do something about it. She started by exaggerating the things she did. To hear Karen tell it, she had stayed up later, driven faster and had more to drink than anyone. It wasn't long before she began to live up to the lies. Karen found that her exaggerated behaviour made her stand out in a crowd. And she liked that. At long last, somebody noticed her. She became a one-girl good time. It bothered her that people didn't really like her; that they felt uncomfortable with her. But the more she felt their disapproval, the more outrageous she became. Karen didn't even like the people who *did* like her. It was the old Woody Allen joke: "I wouldn't want to belong to any group that would have me." A year on Vancouver's Davie Street, twelve months of momentary highs and terrible, week-long lows brought Karen back to Calgary. A battle-worn veteran of the streets, she once again found herself on the front lines. Her long, slow slide finally reached the precipice and she began to fall faster. Part-time jobs, part-time prostitution, full-time drugs and drinking - she was eighteen going on eighty. Although rapidly losing her perspective on life, she reached deep inside for the answer to one last question. What did she want? The answer didn't come easy, but it came. Karen wanted to survive. She wanted back.

Diamonds emerge from the black depths of the earth. A useless lump of carbon, heated by incredible pressure, is formed into a unique and beautiful gem. The gem is the product of the pressure; a pressure that can build or destroy. Under the hard heat of pressure, the carbon either smears and disappears, or it turns into something precious and beautiful.

Pressure can do the same thing to people.

Diamonds emerge from the black depths of the earth. A useless lump of carbon, heated by incredible pressure, is formed into a unique and beautiful gem. The gem is the product of the pressure; a pressure that can build or destroy.

PRESSURE MAKES DIAMONDS



Karen felt the heat. She felt the pressure. At times, she felt like giving in to it; to be crushed and become invisible. Instead, she became determined to make her way back to the land of the living; to turn her bad experience into something she, and maybe even others, would admire. Karen's decision to rebuild her crumbling life came out of what she saw around her. The street people she knew never stayed still for long. They were always on the way out or on the way down. They split or they sank, fast. Karen wasn't too blind to see that. Behind all the talk about easy money and high times the fact was that if she wanted to survive, she'd have to get out. A friend made that clear, by setting an example. A fellow street person, he realized that he still had some self-esteem left. And working with that he began to restore his self-confidence and pride. He made it clear to Karen that he wanted her to do the same thing. He showed that he cared. He introduced Karen to a course of group counselling, and made sure that she made the meetings.

Sometimes, it's hard to remember that the gem is just an old lump of carbon. It's just that faced with the choice of disappearing or becoming a diamond, it decides to shine. There's a very fine line between what Karen is today, and what she might be if she'd continued to ride her wounded ego to the bottom of the run, rather than finding someone to share the hard climb back to the top.

Today Karen runs a catering service.

It's doing pretty well, and if it isn't the most exciting job in the world, well, at least she's her own boss and she does meet some interesting people. She also spends a lot of time helping people. People who are in the same situation she was in just a few years ago. Karen is a volunteer counsellor for an inner-city program for street people. Some of the people she talks with won't benefit from the time and advice and caring she gives them. But others sense that she knows what she's talking about, and

to those people, Karen is that rare find; a diamond glistening at the end of a long, dark tunnel.

There are two kinds of pressure:

Inside pressure, and outside pressure. Outside pressure creates problems that are easy to come to grips with. Your car won't start, you break a leg...that exam turns out to be a real mind-bender. Inside pressure is something else. It has to do with things like how you feel about yourself, or how other people feel about you, or why your family can't seem to get along.

Inside pressure comes from problems like worrying about whether or not other people seem to like you, whether or not your parents get along with you or each other and a million other things. A lot of teenagers react to inside pressure by saying to themselves: "I can't do a thing about it, so why even try?" When you start to feel like that, it's time to take a look around you. The chances are that you're looking so closely at a problem that you can't see the solution standing behind you. You're not alone, you know. There are very few problems that someone else hasn't had long before you got hit by it. So why not look at what they did? You may have hassles with your family. So do some of your friends. How did they handle themselves in the kinds of situations that are upsetting you now? Get together and talk it over. Don't let it drag you down. When it comes to working out a solution to many of life's problems, two, three, four or more heads can be a lot better than one. When you find a diamond, you usually find other diamonds with it.

Hi Andy!
Meet Andy. He'd been in Canada for about a year. His parents had come here to get a fresh start in a new country. It hadn't worked out. Andy's parents had separated because of his father's drinking. Andy had his own problems. He wanted to be part of the group at school, but his accent and different background made it hard. He was looking for a way to impress the few friends he had.

What about shoplifting?

THE CHANCES ARE THAT YOU'RE LOOKING SO CLOSELY AT A PROBLEM, YOU CAN'T SEE THE SOLUTION STANDING BEHIND YOU.

Andy tried it, on a small scale. People seemed impressed with his daring, so he went a step further: he started taking orders for merchandise. A pair of designer jeans? What size would you like? Some Scott ski goggles? Sure. Do you want a tinted or a clear lens?

What a rush! *what a Giddy!*

The kids were blown away!

And he never... well... hardly ever got caught.

Andy's few friends turned their backs on him when the cops met him as he left a stereo store with a bunch of blank tapes he hadn't paid for.

They weren't there to say what a great guy he was when he was questioned and put under the authority and guidance of a probation officer. They weren't around to help him work out his sentence of sweeping out the stereo store on Saturdays.

When he told the other guys he got caught, they called him a turkey. They said he'd always been a turkey.

Andy had no time for his parents.

Andy's schoolmates had no time for him.

So where would he go from here?

Oddly enough, it was Andy's probation officer who got him to stop worrying about impressing other people and start thinking about impressing himself. Part of Andy's punishment had been to prepare an essay on shoplifting and in it, his probation officer recognized a real talent for writing.

Apparently, Andy's difficulty with spoken English went hand in hand with a flair for the written word. The things he felt and had been keeping inside himself began to come out on paper. In his final high school year, Andy wrote a collection of poetry that won him an invitation to a university seminar. He read his material in the workshops, and decided where his future would lie. He wasn't the Great Canadian Novelist, yet, but he had a goal. He'd stood the

pressure. Now, with a little polish, Andy could become a diamond.

When you've got big problems, you want big solutions. When your questions have been bothering you for a long time, you want fast answers to them. When you just get tired being pressured all the time, you sometimes think of giving up.

Don't. Problems and pressure are part of life. And dealing with them is a matter of looking them straight in the eye, and not giving up.

Problems are comrades. They hate a fighter.

Problems also tend to look bigger than they really are. If you have trouble at school, similar school hassles you've had in the past may come back to haunt you and make the present problem seem bigger than it really is. If you have a fight with a friend or your father, recalling other arguments can blow the present one all out of proportion.

You've got to put the today problem in perspective; see it for what it is, and be open to all the possible solutions. Just because you didn't solve it properly last time doesn't mean you won't solve it properly this time.

In her own words, Joan was an alcoholic from the word go. She came from a family headed by a father with high expectations and a harsh idea of discipline. Along with her brothers and sisters, Joan experienced severe beatings and the terror of being locked in a closet for hours on end.

Looking for a way out, Joan got married at fifteen. At sixteen, she was a mother.

At seventeen, she was a divorcee and a drunk.

Her family cut her off; she was a disgrace to them. At least her father was consistent: he'd never supported her in the past, and he wasn't supporting her now.

Between seventeen and twenty-two, Joan lived from day to day, and bottle to bottle. She made few friends.

She didn't seek advice and didn't really believe that there was any good advice to be had.

Joan was under a lot of pressure. There was the pressure of being alone. She rarely saw her sisters, and never saw her parents. Her child and a modest income kept her confined to a small apartment. There was the pressure of making ends meet and the pressure of trying to retain some small element of pride in herself. That was becoming very difficult. What finally got to Joan wasn't advice from a friend, or help from a counsellor or an addiction agency. It was the realization that someone depended on her. The same way Joan had depended on her parents. They'd let her down, and she wasn't about to repeat their mistake.

For her child and for herself, Joan pulled herself together.

She really did do it on her own, with just one small witness. Her son. Today, she's close to a university degree in marine biology. A game she used to play with her boy during those long hours in the apartment turned into a puppet show she puts on for other kids. Joan is very up on what she's doing, who she's doing it with...and herself. She's a mother, a student, an entertainer.

And a diamond.

When you exercise part of your body, it gets stronger. Ask anyone who's into weightlifting. But to build great strength, you have to start with small weights. It's the same with problems and pressures. Handling small pressures gives you the confidence to tackle the larger ones. After a while, you begin to believe. You know you can handle the pressure, just the way you know you can lift the weight. When you're confident that you can solve any problem...even a small problem...the big problems don't seem so big. You can't see confidence in a mirror. You can see it in the eyes. And it shines like a diamond.

Mike used to save those big two-litre plastic pop bottles, storing them under his bed. He also used to impress his parents with his willingness to clean up after their parties. He'd be up early the morning after, while his folks were still asleep...washing dishes, straightening around the furniture and emptying half-full glasses into plastic bottles.

Mike was a good kid. When he wasn't in his room doing homework, he was volunteering to babysit. If they'd thought about it, his parents would probably have wondered why Mike spent so much time alone. But Mike's folks were very social and they were usually at a party, or planning one of their own.

Left alone, Mike was learning that loneliness and insecurity were kind of washed away with the booze. But things were getting out of hand. Fortunately, these days it's hard to be totally alone, and Mike one evening found himself watching a TV show on teenagers with drinking problems.

He saw more than a show.

He saw himself. The main character was doing exactly what Mike was doing. From the outside looking in, Mike began to see where his drinking was leading to. He got scared. So scared that he contacted AADAC the very next day. A counsellor there gave Mike an even clearer look at his problem and the possible outcome. Mike was no longer alone. With the help of AADAC, Mike was able to discard his collection of plastic bottles and learn to sleep in late after his parents' parties.

He's also learned to recognize the symptoms of his old problem in others, and to help them deal with the pressures that can lead to an early dependence on booze or a hundred other problems. Because he knows what they're going through, and why, and because he's part of their peer group, his help has been accepted and highly effective.

Mike knows that now he's O.K.

His friends value him as highly as a diamond.

CHRIS STATHAM

L I F E

From the cradle to the grave we each get about 600,000 hours to play with. Enough time to sit through a quarter of a million showings of E.T.

As a teenager, you'll probably spend about 20,000 hours sleeping and another 12,000 in school. That leaves more than 35,000 hours as yours to do with as you please.

It's enough time to earn your right to be an independent, fully functioning, capable human being.

Thirty-five thousand hours sounds like a long time, but you can blow it away *fast*. Worse, you can kid yourself that you're developing a personal identity when in fact, you're pulling a ready-made image off the shelf — just borrowing the same costume that other people have worn countless times before you.

So how do you avoid getting stuck with a used image and go about becoming someone special? For starters, let's look at what you do with your time, and what you don't do. Psychologists have spent years watching people and they've come up with some interesting observations about patterns in the way we behave in our free time.

A Calgary researcher found that when people aren't doing what they have to do to survive, they do one or more of eleven basic activities. From the mid-teens on they carry out these activities regardless of their age or where they are or how much time they have to kill.

People spend a lot of time and energy doing these virtually unnoticeable activities even though none of the activities' re-

quires much knowledge, skill, stamina, patience, persistence or experience.

- One of the activities is sleeping or napping to pass the time. You might not even be sleeping; you might just be hovering on the fine edge between consciousness and unconsciousness. The cartoon character Beetle Bailey is an example of someone addicted to sleep as a way of spending time.

Eating for something to do also falls into this category. Remember the last time you had an attack of the munchies? Chances are you were more bored than hungry.

- The third activity is conversation — the kind of easy-going chit-chat we use to while away the hours.

- Number four is listening to music — just turning on the radio or stereo for distraction.

- A fifth activity is the use of any kind of drug for any kind of lift. It doesn't take much skill to get drunk or smoke a cigarette or sip a cup of coffee.

- Physical expressions of affection, such as hand-holding or sitting close to someone form the sixth activity.

- The seventh activity is watching things — anything that moves, especially people.

- Activity number eight is made up of simple movements. Fidgeting, twiddling thumbs, rocking chairs — actions requiring little knowledge, skill or practice.

- The ninth activity — daydreaming — is the way we entertain ourselves with effortless, undisciplined, mind actions.

- Grooming is the tenth activity. It includes such

BY THE ZOO STAFF

THINK OF
YOUR TIME
AS AN INVESTMENT.
NOW ASK
YOURSELF:
"WHAT
KIND OF
RETURN AM
I GETTING?
WHAT'S THE
PAYOFF?"

MOST OF THE
PEOPLE I KNOW



low-skill acts as combing the hair and bathing.

- The last activity, reading, requires developed skills at first, but once people have acquired the skills, they sometimes apply them in an automatic, mindless way.

We spend most of our free time doing these eleven activities. Although they often could be performed in ways that are complex and demanding, using our skills and judgement, we usually pursue them in the simplest way. If we could build in some personal challenges, we might be able to get something out of the activities. As it stands, however, all we're really doing is wasting time. Once time is gone, it's gone for good, and there isn't one single thing in the universe that can replace it.

Sometimes we can fool ourselves into thinking we're doing something significant by performing several of the eleven activities at the same time. If you put together eating, drinking, listening to music, talking to a friend and watching other people, you get the total of all the little "highs" you would get from each of these activities separately.

All of these activities are perfectly normal things to do and there is nothing wrong with them. But there isn't much that's all that great, either. When you take a long look at what's really going on, you see that everybody is doing the same thing — there is no originality involved and our behaviour resembles that of a flock of sheep. We're not doing anything constructive with our time; we're just spending it as easily as possible. No

wonder we feel bored!

Somewhere along the line, we have a duty to ourselves to develop our own unique personalities. Every one of us has hidden talents to discover. Perhaps you are a natural musician who will never play simply because you've never considered trying. Or you might have a legendary athletic career ahead of you if you'll make the effort to develop your abilities. The only way to develop your own powers is by using them. That's how you learn things and discover who you are.

Getting something valuable in exchange for our free time isn't all that difficult.

Business people talk about time as an investment. When they invest their time, they expect a payoff, such as money or prestige. The same principle applies to free time. Any free time you invest in an activity that interests you will pay off. Your return might not be money, but you will gain experience and learn something new about yourself. Whether you try macrame or bulldogging, you'll find out if your talents lie in these areas. If they do, you'll get a sense of accomplishment and pride (and probably admiration from others) that you couldn't have achieved any other way. If you discover that you're absolutely hopeless at macrame or bulldogging, you'll know your talents lie elsewhere and you can move on to the next thing.

Learning new things gives us a chance to test our wings; to develop our own qualities of independence and responsibility. It's the only way to learn to fly.



THE POLITICS OF DANCING

Believe it or not, breakdancing is the product of a peace movement. The new dance term originated in the Bronx in New York, where gangs of kids decided to replace their regular racial battles with all-race block parties. Various ethnic groups and cultural interests contributed elements of mime, robot mannerisms, ballet and folk dance. Breakdancing is the super-expressive and spectacular sum of all these parts.

"Break" translates simply as "the best" or "go for it," and appears to be a suitable synonym for Zoof.

The Roxy Theatre in New York is currently the capital of the breakdance community. Here, kids with names such as The Almighty and Supreme Mr. Wiggles, Funkle Frank and Popmaster Fajta work out the routines they're increasingly being called upon to exhibit in shows like Germany, France, Switzerland and, yes, Vancouver.

A group is even training in Calgary because, hey, we deserve a break today!





ALL THE BEST FROM ALBERTA

WORLD CLASSES

SUSAN NATTRASS

Trapshooter

Susan was winning trapshooting contests when she was 14. Her father, himself a Canadian trapshooting champion, encouraged her to get into the sport at the age of five. Susan won her first major competition in Fresno, California when she was 16 and a half. "I was really excited. I ended up having the top score and tying with this other woman, and then I ended up winning the shoot-off, which was out of 25. I ran 25 straight. So I won a big event in the States against a bunch of Americans.

"In 1976, I became the first and only woman ever to compete in the Olympics. Everybody else in the Olympic trapshooting was male."

Susan was 17 when she won the Canadian Trapshooting Championship.

Susan's biggest goal is to win an Olympic gold medal in Los Angeles in 1984. She's been World Champion six times, but the Olympics holds a special meaning for her. "From the moment I started shooting internationally, my goal was to make the Olympics. I want to go for the Gold."

We don't see how she can miss.

ROB LAIDLAW

Skydiver

Rob Laidlaw is a professional skydiver and part owner and chief instructor of Sky West Aviation. He's made more than 3300 jumps over the past 10 years, and he's a member of the twice world champion Canadian National Skydiving Team.

Rob credits the start of his career to a lighthearted suggestion made by his mother when he was 19 and living a pretty ordinary life—just generally hanging out. She asked: "Why don't you do something more exciting—like skydiving?"

Rob thought about it for a moment, then said, "Yeah, that sounds pretty good." And that's what he did. His mother doesn't tell jokes anymore.

Rob was born in Alberta and moved to Manitoba when he was just a kid. At the age of 19 he joined a small skydiving club in a place called Morris. He made two jumps there before he moved to Abbotsford, British Columbia, which at the time was the most advanced parachute centre in Canada. He got most of his training at the Abby drop-zone.

"Once you overcome the two basic fears—loss of balance and sudden, loud

noises—jumping is easy." Rob compares skydiving to scuba diving or skiing. After you've tried it a few times, you start to lose your fear.

Alberta skydivers can train at the Canadian Skydiving Team's base at Claresholm.

If you're interested in skydiving, Rob has a few suggestions. "Do stretching exercises, ride a ten-speed, swim...play racquetball for good eye-hand co-ordination, and most of all, practise self-control and concentration.

You don't have to be a particularly good athlete, he claims, but you have to be able to stay loose at 10,000 feet!

DEREK BESANT

Artist

Derek is currently drawing chairman at the Alberta College of Art. His prints and watercolours are exhibited all over the world: Italy, Japan, England, France, Canada and the U.S. His most famous work is the huge Flatiron mural, the size of a tennis court, suspended on the outside of the historic Gooderham Building in Toronto. It appears to be a curtain pulled back to reveal a brick wall and windows.

We asked Derek how he got his start.

Take a bow, Alberta. Some of the world's finest athletes, artists and entertainers come from this very province—people who are making their mark not just here and in Canada, but around the world! And here's the interesting bit: most of these champions reached their peak before the age of 20. Join us for an in-depth look at a well co-ordinated handful of Alberta's contenders. The envelope, please...

+ BY GREG WILSON +

"I had my fine art training in Calgary at the university. My timing after school was fortunate: I came on the scene when the Glenbow was going to be constructed. They were interested in hiring someone to design the museum, but they didn't want someone with preconceived exhibition design experience. After looking at my work, they talked to me about the museum, then offered me the exhibition designer job."

At the time, Derek was only 21. He stayed at the Glenbow for five years designing the museum, art gallery and special collections. Then, he went to the Alberta College of Art to teach.

Derek decided he wanted to be an artist in high school. "I was going to go into geophysics, because physics was my best subject." But his art teacher persuaded him otherwise. He pointed out to Derek that he spent most of his available time in the art room. Derek thought about it, and decided to have trust in something he really wanted to do. He entered the fine arts four-year program at the University of Calgary.

"When you're starting out as a student in a university program, four years sounds like a long time. But it goes fast, because

you love it."

Derek won his first art competition, the Calgary Graphics International, at the age of 18. Following that, he entered exhibitions all over the world. In 1983 alone, Derek had shows in Brazil, Australia, Japan, Korea and Italy.

According to Derek, aspiring artists shouldn't wait for somebody to notice them. "If you sit at home with a studio full of work that no one sees, it's not doing anything for you. Do anything you can to get your work seen. People will start to notice you."

LINDA SOUTHERN

Snow Jumper

Linda started riding horses when she was all of three years old. She entered her first competition when she was eight. She's just 20 now, but already she's been Canadian Junior Jumping Champion and placed fourth in the World Cup qualifiers in Holland.

Linda does most of her training and riding at Spruce Meadows in Calgary. "I have three horses I like: Houdini, Lucinda and Hello. Houdini has won the most competitions. He's really good, but small."

A lot of practice, about six hours a day, goes a long way toward explaining her performance.

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W E

BY DAVID JACOX

Wherein two Alberta motorcycle nuts head south for sun, strange sights and some hot laps around Riverside Raceway.

Strathmore provides the other half of a pair determined to seek out heat and high times, not to mention old cars and fast motorcycles in the Eureka State.

with any luck at all."

On to U.S. immigration. The officers are nice enough. No problems. It isn't necessary to remind them that we got six of their neighbours out of Iran a while back. On to the plane. It's a Boeing 727 with three engines and, we hope, enough fuel to get us to L.A.

The flight is okay. Most important, it's a chance for Fraser and I to get to know each other better. Turns out we have little in common, which doesn't prevent us from hitting it off very well, indeed. I listen to him describing the merits of Triumph, Rush, and white '68 Camaros with five-litre engines and GMC blowers. He is patient while I praise Roxy Music, the

new Dylan album and Lamborghini Countaches. I admit that I hope to find some fantastic fresh seafood on the coast. Fraser wants reassurance that a Big Mac is a Big Mac everywhere.

The darkness lifts, and the view is great. The snow gradually disappears, giving way to miles of empty desert and a warm look below. The inflight service is fine and friendly—a notch down from the big Canadian carriers and our own Pacific Western, though.

Allowing for the one-hour time change, it is just after 9 when we start our final approach over the blue Pacific and land in Los Angeles a few minutes later.

THE PLAN:

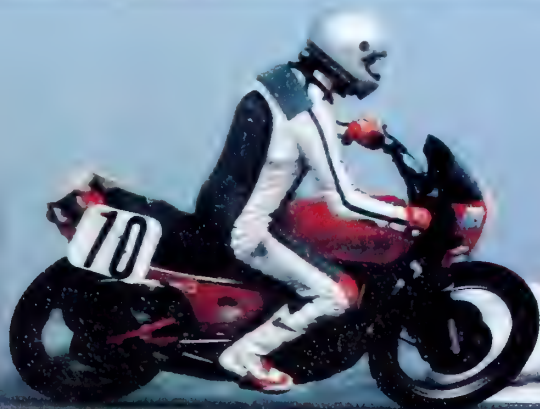
The plan is to pick up a U-drive, then zip into the City Of Angels for a quick tour of some motorcycle shops. The plan is for Fraser to buy a yellow, open-faced helmet just like the one Suzuki's motocross champ Mark Barnett wears. The plan is that when Fraser returns to the motocross tracks this summer, he will look exactly like Mark Barnett. The plan is to save a lot of money by picking up this good stuff in the States. The plan is to find out where those cruise-'em-hard-and-jack-'em-high-on-the-air-shocks Chicano wheels hang out.

We are lost in the crowd at Los Angeles Airport. A

THE PLAN:

ZOOT CAPRI, number five, is in the mail. ZOOT Six is still in the mind. The snow is on the ground. The bird is on the wing, headed south. Good idea. California. What better place and what better time of year to take a break and at the same time put some of the ZOOT Theories to the test? The best thing about being the editor of this rag is that you get to go on all the good trips. Still, some companionship is in order. Able assistant editor Kim Robb opens her little black book. A quick call to Fraser Flamond in

"Let's see, now... that ambulance has got to be along here somewhere...."



What the well-dressed weekend warrior is wearing.



Budget micro-econo car, or maybe a rickshaw, is supposed to be waiting for us here. *Waiting* is the name of the game, alright. We stand in line for about an hour while Fraser points out to yours truly the tiniest details of the cars going by. "I have never, *never* seen so many Cadillac limousines," exclaims The Kid. He's right. "All of the old cars here are in *perfect* shape. It's amazing." Again, Fraser is right. Cars in L.A. do seem, like the people themselves, to be ageless. We are surrounded by the Linda Evans and Burt Reynolds of wheels, ageing gracefully and held in awe by the rest of a vain world. One thing is for sure: all of the cars are in *much better shape* than my Visa card, which turns out to be over limit and useless in terms of getting us even a very old and worn-out way to ride. A few phone calls are made, photos of the très élégant ZOOT offices are passed about, names like Gretzky and deWit are dropped, eh, and everything is suddenly okay. ZOOT's international reputation is good for a Colt two-door with a bad radio and relatively low mileage. (The thing later turns out to be good also for over 50 mpg U.S., which is amazing, indeed.) The quick

"zip" into L.A. takes longer than expected. Seems that Christmas shopping is the reason. *Everyone* is out on the freeways, pondering what to get for Uncle Charley. The radio is bad. No problem, though. Fraser is providing the audio: a running commentary on the number of modified hubcaps scurrying along Highway 91 to Riverside. I am stunned at his attention to every detail of the terrain and the traffic; *no wonder* the kid can find his way around a racetrack so quickly.

The next thing is, we hit a lot of motorcycle shops. They have great prices, but *no* yellow, open-faced, 1980 Snell approved-for-racing crash helmets. "Try Canada," someone advises. So far, so bad. Let's get something to eat, then we'll check out the crowds and the tricked-out old cars.

If I had money
Tell you what I'd do
Go downtown
Buy a Mercury too

—David Lindley

Dinner doesn't amount to much. We eat on the run. So much to do, so much to see. So many freeways, so little time.... After a couple of handfuls of cinnamon-coated almonds from the same Pacific Palisades store Farrah Fawcett and Ryan

O'Neal shop at, we are on the Santa Monica freeway bound for Westwood, a gathering point for adolescents, located just north of Rodeo Drive and its wretched excesses. Rodeo Drive is possibly the most expensive shopping area in the world. The gas gauge on the Colt has not moved. We suspect that something is wrong with it.

Fraser and I prepare to present ourselves to the elite L.A. public. We are chic, no doubt about it: longish hair, torn jeans, Suzuki jackets. Far out, eh? And we have the Colt, of course: a cruisemobile extraordinaire.

Westwood turns out to be a long way from Calgary, or even Spirit River for that matter. Thousands upon thousands of kids walk the streets in an awesome array of rags: from camo fatigues to sweats or tights and leg warmers. Bad news here: there are no candyapple red, jacked-to-the-ceiling 409s to be seen in this particular area. To the contrary, the standard-issue set of wheels is a megabuck VW Scirocco, silver, with \$10,000 worth of aftermarket bodywork and three-piece magnesium (maybe even titanium) wheels with Pirelli P7s mounted all-round. Get out of the car. Walk

100 feet and you pass six world-class breakdancers, seven fantastic boutiques, five different cultures, and a T-shirt place with a tank-top that reads:

If you love something,
Set it free.
If it doesn't come
back to you,
Hunt it down
And kill it.

Fraser and I stare at each other. We've really made it. We're in L.A., eh?

THE PLAN:

Fraser wants to meet people. Well, Westwood is a good place to start. For one thing, there are lots of people to meet.

Contact high. We feel instantly a part of this scene. Strolling the same streets over and over, we are the scene. At some point around 2 in the a.m., I mention that it might be a good idea to drop by and see if the motel has held our rooms. Uh uh, no chance. Fraser is totally wired on the Westwood weirdness.... What is that Billy Idol lyric? "Hot in the city?"

Fortunately, we find out later that the motel has held the room. *Rocky II* is the late, late movie and Fraser's dad is heavy into boxing so we watch that. Tomorrow is Saturday. We have to get up early

and drive about a million miles to pick up our photographer who lives in a humble house in the heart of the Hollywood action. Why the cameraman? Because we are going to the California Superbike School at Riverside International Raceway, and we want to return with pix as evidence. What is the California Superbike School you ask? It is our *real reason* for being here at all—a chance to learn more about bikes from a brilliant teacher, and apply the knowledge with the understanding that if we haven't been paying full attention the *Marks Will Be Low* and the *Punishment Will Be Harsh*.

THE PLAN:

The plan is to request a wake-up call for 6 a.m., then dress and dash northwest to pick up Richard Upper, photographer without equal—the man who made Rod Stewart look better than he really is, up-lifted bum and all. With Richard aboard the Colt, we will head 90 miles or so east to the small town of Riverside, which floats on a sea of sand and money and has on its outskirts a tortuous two-and-a-half-mile ribbon of death-proffering pavement. It is here, at Riverside

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



Raceway, that Keith Code instructs the great and the would-be-great in the fine art of making a man on a motorcycle go faster than other men on other motorcycles.

Richard is up and waiting when we arrive. Odd. We had expected that he would be asleep and reluctant to go anywhere at this time of the morning. We are pleased that such is not the case. Richard is special. He has California eyes—which is to say that he has *inner vision*: he frequently seems to be looking beyond the object of conversation, and yet you know he is seeing something more, or at least something *different* than you are.

At the end of an hour of dial turning during which we check out the 100 or so radio stations in the L.A. basin, Fraser and I drop Richard off at Riverside Raceway so he can check out the morning session of the Superbike School and decide on the best places to shoot pictures from.

Then we commandeer the Colt again and head back into town in search of the Elusive Yellow Helmet. We have little over an hour to play. Seventy-five minutes of *no luck at all* follow. We find great prices, sensational selection and *not one* yellow helmet. Tough. It is time to register for the afternoon California Superbike School class. We rush back to the track, where people are picking up their foot-longs and sour



cream and onion potato chips and fighting over the front-row seats, hungry to hear and eager to apply the wisdom about to be laid down by Keith Code.

THE PLAN:

The plan is to sit in with the morning class while Keith reads out their track times. We're not talking about a race, here. But the competitive instinct does rear its ugly head.

It becomes clear from listening to the averages of the previous group that getting below two minutes will be very good, indeed, and that is settled upon as the goal. With this recorded on the mind tapes, we sit back to listen and learn from Keith.

As we have suggested before in this magazine, there are teachers and then there are *teachers*. In the latter category, there are people who can register something *so clearly* on your mind that you will *never* forget it, try as you might. Keith Code is one such person.

He draws an analogy between concentration and a five-dollar bill. "You will," he says, "start out on the track with a five-dollar bill of concentration to spend. The more you spend on thinking about falling off," he points out, "the less you will have to spend on thinking about staying right side up and going as quickly as possible." Makes sense.

Keith intersperses his personal philosophy with simple observations on how motorcycles work. "Motorcycles will, at times, do unsettling things," he points out. "However disturbing this may be for you, it is quite normal for the motorcycle and you should accept

this." Give the machine its head, he is saying. Let it be. Believe. Don't try to force things. Go with the flow, etc. We will soon prove that he is right.

By early afternoon, the classroom bit is over and we are fighting over the last pair of size nine-and-a-half boots. In motorcycle racing, the hard-core, hard-concrete kind, the only thing between you and a raspberry complexion or worse is a suit of leathers. Soon Fraser and I are posing for Richard in colourful suits of cowhide, hearts aflutter, eager to straddle the super-trick Kawasaki 550s Keith has placed at our disposal.

There are 15 of us in the class, every one convinced that he or she alone is about to equal or break the course lap record and invite huge dollar offers from factory reps who are no doubt hiding around the track, disguised as cacti.

Fraser is assigned bike number 10. I get number 11. In this order we follow Keith onto the track for the familiarization laps.

THE PLAN:

The plan is to use the first half of the session to learn the track, then take a break, think about it, and then try to get under two minutes during the second session. None of this will happen, of course, and it won't matter a whole lot.

I follow Fraser out onto the track. He in turn follows nine guys who are following Keith. It follows that after a few laps, we are familiar enough with the shape of the course and its nine turns to start exploring the limits it will impose upon our individual abilities.

Fraser is foreign to road racing. On the other hand, he is a senior class off-road motorcycle racer. I am fairly well acquainted with riding on pavement. On the other hand, my off-road racing experience has been limited to making sure that none of the guys I race with finishes dead last. We seem about equal in terms of tackling

the task at hand. After a couple of laps on our own, I am still tucked tightly behind Fraser. As a matter of fact, the entire class is contained within 100 yards or so as we start to work up to racing speeds.

I decide that I can pass Fraser, although he is a better rider and will pass me later on. I enjoy seconds of glory as I ease by to take up position behind number nine. The next 10 laps, or 20-plus miles are, as Ken Low would say, "transcendental." I am higher than a kite as we are flagged back into the pits and I wonder if Fraser will feel as hyper as I do about our progress so far. What are our starting times? Is the magic two minutes within reach?

Judy Code, Keith's wife, runs over to me. "Fraser's okay," she says. "He's just shaken up."

From several wildly gesturing sources, I learn why my fellow traveller didn't get by me. He has hit some small bumps in the very fast turns follow-

ing the pit straight and gone down. Hard. It was, I am told, a *spectacular* fall. Over the bars at something on the high side of 160 kph, a long slide with, fortunately, no solid objects in the way, and an end to the ride. It's a disappointment but these things do happen.

The ambulance people are very nice and inform me that *ZOOT* does not have to worry about telling its audience that the magazine has reduced its number of readers by one. Fraser will be okay. Sore, for sure. But okay. (Later, I will get a taste of the thrill he has enjoyed as my own Kawasaki launches into a death-dance at the same point in the track. I recall Keith's coaching us *not to fight it*.)

During the debriefing following the second track session, I learn that I have turned a few 2:04s in a row—my best time. Not exactly as planned, but good enough to place me in the top four or five in my group. More importantly, I have improved



ILLUSTRATION: RON HAWKER

greatly over my first times which were in the high 2:20s. Sure, Fraser would have been faster, but the object in racing is to *finish* as well as go fast.

We had planned to head back to L.A. to stroll through Westwood some more, but The Kid is hurting, and Richard knows this great Thai restaurant....

THE PLAN:

The plan is to have dinner and talk about The Day. The plan is then to drop Richard off at his place and then head out to register at our hotel in Anaheim, near Disneyland—our digs for our second and final night in L.A.

Richard knows this place where you can get uncommonly tasty sticks of beef, and chicken wings with some sauce Colonel Saunders would have given his cane for. A place where the people are friendly, the pace is slower than it has been so far today, and a wounded teenager can rest his injured leg on an unoccupied chair without feeling uncouth.

Dinner is everything Richard has led us to believe it will be. The food is fabulous, the bill is modest, and the aspirins enable Fraser to enjoy both the grits and the conversation. This time the Visa card works, and we return to the Colt well-fed and fond of the friendship we have discovered.

We drop Richard off with generous thanks for his part in our mission, and Fraser promises to call if he and his friends manage to get to L.A. during the spring break, as they are planning to do. Further down the road, Saturday night's hotel looks a lot like Friday night's hotel.

Fraser is really hurting. We both wonder if he will be in more, or less, pain in the morning. I worry seriously that he has broken something, and make a mental note to insist that he see a doctor when he gets back home. "No, Fraser, it is too late to limp around Westwood."

We have no special plans for Sunday. Whoever wakes up first will wake the other, okay?

THE PLAN

The plan is not panning out. We have no yellow helmet. We have seen no cars to Fraser's liking. We do not yet know if Jack-In-The-Box is the equal of McDonald's. One of us walks with a limp, and the other one of us worries about it. Time is running out.

At about 8 o'clock, Fraser calls me with the information that there is a motocross accessory shop near where we are staying and that it is open Sundays. Not only that, we're within an hour's drive of Saddleback Park, one of the premier off-road motorcycle tracks in the world. "Meet you at the car in 10 minutes."

Good news: Fraser's leg is feeling not too bad.

Bad news: his left toe and right arm are the pain capitals of the world.

I recall now that Fraser's crash hat was ground through the visor at the front. No doubt about it: my new-found friend has experienced a *Really Bad Fall*. I feel very relieved that I insisted from the start upon traveling with someone who had off-road motorcycle experience, and who was consequently comfortable with falling. When you are pitched down the asphalt at over a 100 miles an hour, it is important to stay relaxed and be able to slide it out. Clearly, Fraser has had the presence of mind to do so.

Before we head out to Saddleback Park, we make one long-shot stop at the motorcycle shop near the motel. They don't have much, it turns out, but they *do* have exactly the helmet Fraser is looking for, at a price he is more than happy to pay. Fraser is one happy cripple as we buckle ourselves into the Colt for the half hour (we think) ride to Saddleback.

Two hours and 10 wrong off-ramps later, with a fully satisfactory

stop at Jack-In-The-Box along the way, we are at the place that consistently produces some of the best motocross racers in the world. Fraser is finally home. One of his heroes, Motocross Action editor Jody Weisel, is racing on this particular day.

Jody turns out to be a regular guy, and really interested in ZOOT. We talk for a long time, the three of us, and in parting, Weisel advises Fraser to keep the rubber side down.

We remember that we have a plane to catch. Goodbye, Jody. (And we really were serious about doing an article for ZOOT. About anything. Crazy Dave, Louella, anything. Get it to us soon, eh?)

The trip home is the trip down in reverse. Fraser's dad is at the airport to pick him up. (Had to bring the truck, the car froze up.) Back to reality. I do up my dog-down-filled coat and flag a cab home. Enjoy the typical cabby/passenger conversation: "Been cold long?" You know how it goes from there....

THE PLAN

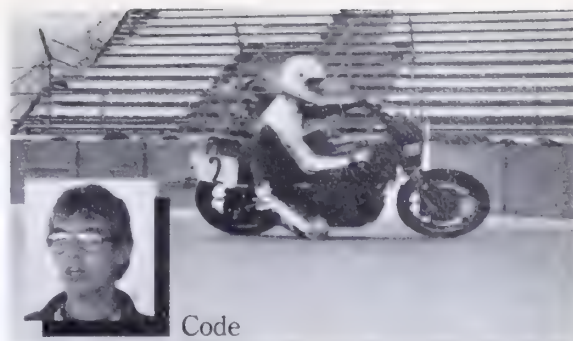
Part of the L.A. weekend plan was to see the cool cars and soak up the warm rays.

On the last day, Sunday, we finally did see a super-trick Camaro, and I sensed that Fraser's faith had been restored. The weather was warm the whole time, at around 55°F, but it *felt* cold. At any rate, we have no new tan lines to show off. The swim trunks we bought "just in case" remained dry.

THE PLAN

The plan was to test the ZOOT Theories, including some of those printed for the first time and reprinted in this "best of" issue. You know...Lucky For You, One Thing Well, Journeys To The Edge...that sort of thing. Some pertinent passages come to mind:

1. Whenever you spend a lot of time in a certain



Code

situation, the way you see the world and the way you see yourself are affected by that situation...the solution is to broaden your experiences...feel okay about experimenting with different activities, pursuits, acquaintances and friends.

—Zoot I: In The Shadow.

2. Make friends. *Lots* of friends. Lucky people believe that other people are out to help, rather than hurt them, and they feel that way themselves.

—Zoot II: Lucky For You.

3. Don't be afraid to take chances. Lucky people tend to be *bold* people. The idea is that for anything...including something lucky...to happen, you've got to be where the action is. You should be prepared to enter a situation without having complete knowledge of it.

—Zoot II: Lucky For You.

4. Don't try to be better than someone else. Try to be better than *yourself*. If you set your performance standards by how well someone else performs, you'll never know how well you can do.

—Zoot III: Let's Cheat.

5. There's a lot to be gained by getting deeply involved in *something*. It doesn't much matter what it is, because you can always apply what you learn about yourself to something else later on.

—Zoot III:

One Thing Well.

6. Knowing that there is a simple, possibly painful price to be paid for screwing up can really focus your mind on the job at hand.

—Zoot IV:

Journeys To The Edge.

7. More often than not, *calculated* risks get parental approval. That's

because even parents are smart enough to realize that *life itself* is full of all kinds of risks and that learning to live with and manage risks is a very important part of the growing up process.

—Zoot IV:

Journeys To The Edge.

8. Companions add to the adventure of being alive. Even if it's only by doing simple things that cheer us and comfort us along the way. Only one thing is more important than choosing a good companion. And that's being one.

—Zoot II: Low Zoot.

9. Watching other people's mistakes can sometimes be as useful as watching success.

—Zoot I: Low Zoot.

Has the trip been a success? Of course it has. In just three days, two people have acquired at least one new friend and eaten several so-so hamburgers. One of us has tested the techniques of falling hard at unheard-of speeds. One of us has something new to wear, in yellow. We have some pictures, and we have this article and we have the fun of writing it. We have evidence that some of the things our writers have said in the past make sense, and that's good for our credibility with AADAC, our sponsor. You can't ask for more, unless it's the chance to do it all again, and soon.

Many thanks to Richard, to Keith and Judy Code and to Jody Weisel for their sincere help, keen interest and good company. And thanks from ZOOT to Fraser Flamond for sacrificing his body to the cause of this story.



SEEN *and* HEARD

SEEN...

MOVIE SELECTIONS



PATRICK TIVY—
entertainment columnist
— Calgary Herald

THE BOYFRIEND
CHINATOWN
THE THREE MUSKETEERS
SHANE
MALTESE FALCON



MARK GRESZMIL
—entertainment writer/—
producer — I.T.V.,
Edmonton

MY FAVOURITE YEAR
SUPERMAN II
ROCKY II
SKYJACK
HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE



BRYAN TUCKER—
—publicity/promotions—
co-ordinator — Paramount
Pictures

GONE WITH THE
WIND
CAMELOT
THE GRADUATE
E.T.
WHO'S AFRAID OF
VIRGINIA WOOLF



TOM ELSWORTHY—
entertainment columnist
— Edmonton Sun

**WHO'S AFRAID OF
VIRGINIA WOOLF**
ELEPHANT MAN
TOM JONES
GHANDI
1900

ZITS ZANTINI
GREASE
PORKY'S
ROCKY HORROR
VALLEY GIRL
ERASERHEAD

DAVID JACOX
—Zoot's editor—

EASY RIDER
CITIZEN KANE
KRAMER VS. KRAMER
EL TOPO
THE RIGHT STUFF

ZOOT'S STAFF
STREETCAR NAMED
DESIRE
**TERMS OF ENDEAR-
MENT**
ORDINARY PEOPLE
PSYCHO
CLOCKWORK ORANGE

CHINATOWN
DIRECTED BY: ROMAN
POLANSKI.
STARRING: JACK
NICHOLSON, FAYE
DUNAWAY

- *It's alright, but I wouldn't say it's any better than any other detective/mystery-type thing that you can see almost any night on TV.*
- *The end is so abrupt. Why'd they do that?*
- *You knew exactly what Jack knew. It was like you were the PI yourself.*

ROCKY II

DIRECTED BY: SYL-
VESTER STALLONE.
STARRING: SYLVE-
STER STALLONE, TAL-
IA SHIRE.

- *The make-up was a Ten, but the movie was a Minus.*
- *It has a mindless plot,there is no plot.*
- *You can only get so much mileage out of blood, guts and gore.*
- *It was predictable. I mean, the wife gets sick, and he goes out and fights for the wife because she asks him to. It wasn't different.*
- *How come Rocky never loses—that would add to the Rocky sequels.*

THE GRADUATE
DIRECTED BY: MIKE
NICHOLS.
STARRING: DUSTIN
HOFFMAN, ANNEBANCROFT.

- *The music really adds to it—especially when she says it would be better with the lights off and the song Darkness My Friend comes on.*
- *He was so alien at first. He gets out of university and just lies by the pool. He's just so confused at the beginning; when you first get out of school and there's nothing.*
- *It keeps you involved because once you think everything is solved, something else happens.*
- *It's great. The music, the plot, the pace, the actors, the humour...superb acting.*
- *The best part is when he runs into the church and he starts screaming at her.*

**WHO'S AFRAID OF
VIRGINIA WOOLF?**
DIRECTED BY: MIKE
NICHOLS.
STARRING: ELIZA-
BETH TAYLOR, RICH-
ARD BURTON.

- *Why make a movie about four people in a drunken stupor 24 hours of the day?*

- *Let's get it straight—who's Virginia Woolf?*
- *The meaning was that it was supposed to make you figure out fact from fiction—who cares?*
- *The acting was good, but the plot stank.*
- *Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton were insane ...when the other couple first arrived they were really funny.*

ERASERHEAD

DIRECTED BY: DAVID
LYNCH.
STARRING: JACK
NANCE, CHARLOTTE
STEWART.

- *Great joke: weird out, throw up. A '10'.*
- *I was lost from the beginning, but it held your attention.*
- *I think it was hilarious. When his head drops off and the kid makes erasers from it—how bizarre can it get?!*
- *One night some directors decided to have a contest on who could write the best movie, and this one lost!*
- *If it had been in colour, I would have got sick.*
- *I would definitely recommend it to some of my stranger friends and I will definitely see it again—try to figure it out.*
- *I want to know what de-ranged person picked this as his "best."*
- *C'mon....*

CITIZEN KANE
DIRECTED BY: ORSON
WELLES.
STARRING: ORSON
WELLES, JOSEPH COT-
TON.

- *I liked the way it held your attention. A lot of movies today tell you everything—they grab you by the shoulders and say "Have you got it yet?" Not this one. You really had to think.*
- *There were a couple of shots that were the longest-moving and most complicat-*

- *ed shots in history—I think.*
- *The shadows are fabulous. Black and white is great in this movie.*
- *You spend the whole movie trying to figure out "Rosebud"—but that's interesting.*
- *Today's movies rely too heavily on special effects and trying to shock the audience; this one just had a great plot.*

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

DIRECTED BY: JAMES
BROOKER.
STARRING: JACK
NICHOLSON, SHIRLEY
MACLAINE.

- *I was too cool to cry. I loved it, but the sad parts really got to you. It doesn't matter how macho you think you are, it brings tears to the eyes.*
- *It goes from one extreme to another. Absolutely hilarious to really sad. Nicholson is really real, so is MacLaine—just great.*
- *This was my favourite out of all of them. Graduate is close, but this movie has everything.*
- *When she's talking to her sons in the hospital, and the little one starts to cry, I couldn't hold back the tears, it was so touching.*
- *When they go out for lunch, that was so funny. My stomach hurt, I laughed so hard.*

... & HEARD....

ALBUM SELECTIONS



HUMBLE HOWARD—
— KIK—Calgary —
KATIE LIDE— *Steely Dan*
ROYAL SCAM — *Steely Dan*
BEST OF SAM & DAVE

For this "Best Of" issue of Zoot Capri, The Magazine, we asked Alberta's top DJs and movie critics to list their all-time favourite albums and films. Then we took one record or flick from each list and laid it on you, the all-ears-and-eyes Zoot readership.

Peruse the picks of the most popular entertainment personalities...then read on, as our fans pick 'em apart.

- Sam & Dave
WHITE ALBUM -
Beatles
MAGICAL MYSTERY
TOUR - Beatles



BRUCE BOWE -
-CHED - Edmonton-
BRIDGE OVER TROUB-
LED WATERS - Simon
& Garfunkle
BOB DYLAN'S GREAT-
EST HITS - Bob Dylan
STONES - Neil Diamond
ONE OF THESE NIGHTS
- Eagles
BIG CITY - Merle Hag-
gard



BRUCE KENYON
-K97 - Calgary-
WHO'S NEXT - The
Who
MAD DOGS & ENG-
LISHMEN - Joe Cocker
BACK IN BLACK -
AC/DC
PYROMANIA - Def Lep-
pard
SYNCRONCITY -
Police



STEVE OLSON -
-CKXL - Calgary-
NIGHT AT THE OPERA
- Queen

FRAMPTON COMES
ALIVE - Peter Frampton
LED ZEPPELIN IV -
Led Zeppelin
**DARK SIDE OF THE
MOON** - Pink Floyd
THRILLER - Michael
Jackson

DAVID JACOX -
-Zoot's Editor-

REVOLVER - Beatles
COUNTRY LIFE -
Roxy Music
BLONDE ON BLONDE
- Bob Dylan
AFTERMATH - Stones
BREAKFAST IN AMER-
ICA - Supertramp

ZITS ZANTINI
BEAUTY & THE
BEAST - Go-Go's
BORN TO RUN - Bruce
Springsteen
COUP D' ETAT - Plas-
matics
**COLOUR BY NUM-
BERS** - Culture Club
TURN IT LOUD - Head-
pins

ZOOT'S STAFF
RUMOURS - Fleetwood
Mac
TOO... - Carole Bayer
Sager
SPEAKING IN TONGUES
- Talking Heads
YELLOWBRICK ROAD
- Elton John
SING IT AGAIN, ROD -
Rod Stewart

ROXY MUSIC
- Country Life -

- I'd like to listen to this at someone else's place.
- Not up to what I'd heard after the Edmonton concert. I don't know if this is better or worse than the later albums.
- I'm starting to like this album, but I'm running out of time. I'll give it a four out of seven.
- The melodies are all appealing, the performance is good, the vocals are good, but this album is nothing to rave about.

- Kind of a "poor man's" Pink Floyd, I think. Quite forgettable.

CULTURE CLUB
- Colour By Numbers -

- Karma Chameleon and Church Of The Poison Mind are really good, though not original. Nothing else on the album is up to these two cuts.
- Lionel Richie rejects and bad Spandau Ballet. Any notion of this album as a classic is impossible. Just impossible.
- This is the Eighties' sound. A fresh sounding band that is hard not to dance to.
- Applause, applause! I'd buy it, definitely. Boy George has a fantastic singing voice.

FLEETWOOD MAC
- Rumours -

- I actually own this album. I bought it when I was too young to appreciate good music. The Seventies are gone forever.
- Songs slow enough to put a meaning across. I'm really getting to like it!
- Classy, mellow...I'm super impressed. This album belongs on a "best" list.
- This group stomps all over Culture Club. Rumours is a practically faultless album. All of the songs are good and catchy. The arrangements are simple, but effective.
- Fleetwood Mac's best album.

THE BEATLES
- White Album -

- The styles vary wildly. Comparing different cuts on this album is like comparing Iron Maiden to Benny Goodman.
- The worst cut is "Long, Long, Long." Boring, boring, boring.
- A classic. But not in the same league with other Beatles efforts, such as Rubber Soul, Abbey Road and Revolver.

- No album collection is complete without this one. This is a great choice.

MERLE HAGGARD
- Big City -

- Not bad, for country: the lyrics are good and this guy can sing.
- Anybody who can sing half decent and strum a G-chord can play country.
- If you're really into country music, this is really good country music. If you're really into sleep, this album is for you.
- I love the words. There is a lot of loving and caring...a lot of personality in every syllable.

AC/DC
- Back In Black -

- This is the best album AC/DC has ever put out. Which isn't saying much.
- Sorry, I'm into lyrics, and those on this album are garbage.

- I can't believe it! I like it!
- The DJ who chose this album is a person of exceptional taste. Music at its finest and the best of the albums you gave us to review, by far. Only Pink Floyd compares.
- Repetitiously boring. Boring heavy metal, if you can imagine. This has no place on a list of classics.

PINK FLOYD
- Dark Side Of The Moon -

- Brilliant, audacious, impeccable, complex...a beautifully produced album.
- An original. It deserves to be on any list of classics.
- This is an incredibly fine album. I think that Wish You Were Here is even better, though.
- This record makes me think of, and long for, Supertramp.
- Pink Floyd can do no wrong, but can do better. The Wall, for example. ♪





IN OUR LAST ISSUE
*a school of fish flew through
 the Alberta education system
 in search of knowledge and
 cheap braces. Or so you tell us
 in the following randomly
 selected comments you sent to
 ZOOT. Are you people alright?
 Are you sure?*

**Karl Marx impersonates an
 obese bulletin board while
 standing underwater.**
Anita Bahry
—Mundare

**The artist is trying to join all creatures [fish, man and walleyes(?)], and
 the sea to earth to space to cement on the sidewalk. The man is trying to
 join this colourful line (or is it a tie?) to how to train a walleye to talk. Why
 a walleye? The red line is joining the fish to pick them up on a fishing line,
 but I don't know what this relates to. Heck, I don't know.**
Nancy Vanderweide
—Calgary

**The picture in your Fall '83 issue is a knock on the Alberta education
 system. That man is a teacher—you can tell by his ridiculous-looking suit.
 The fish are a School Of Fish. School has confused them so much that they
 aren't even in water. They are swimming around aimlessly and bored.
 And wouldn't you be if you were learning the concept of teaching a
 walleye to talk? (What's a walleye?) Anyway, this tells of the uselessness
 of what we learn in school. My sister says that it's the evolution of man
 from ape, but hey, that's the same thing, isn't it?**
Christine McDonald
—St. Albert

**I took a look and more and more things seemed to fall out of place. This
 rather famous-looking man (whose face I can't seem to place) was selling
 me walleye pike that could be taught to talk, right? Why not? Is there so
 much harm in trying to teach a walleye to talk? But wouldn't you look like
 a fool? This man (who is he?) was taking it seriously enough. He didn't
 look like a fool. He almost convinced me to start talking to fish, if only to
 prove that it couldn't be done. This seems the whole idea of the picture.
 No matter how stupid, pointless or hopeless something may seem, if it
 appeals to you, go for it! Who says you can't teach a fish to talk? Who
 says pigs can't fly? Just because it has never been done doesn't mean you
 can't have a good time trying it. In the immortal words of Trooper:
 "We're here for a good time, not a long time. So have a good time, the
 sun can't shine every day."**
David Kozbial
—Coaldale

**The fish are on their way to
 school. The man is the teacher,
 he talks of history—I know this
 because he wears those colours,
 oh so many colours.**
Lorraine Cloutier
—Eaglesham

**Slowly
 you appear
 as coloured spots
 casting shadows
 upon my back.
 Why?**
V. Coulombe
—Edmonton

**Karl Marx, wearing the latest designer fashion (spots, stripes, and punky
 hairdo), points out that fish are not as dumb as they look. Also, this artist
 is going to kill his/her little brother for wrecking his masterpiece with red
 and blue pastels.**
Barbara Henn
—Beaverlodge

There are fish that need braces.
Carolyn Chenard
—Tangent

**The picture makes me think of
 fish. And weird artists.**
Samantha Olson
—Edmonton

**I thought about your "What Do You Think About This, Then?" picture, and
 this is what I came up with: The world is an ocean. If you can find out what
 you want, you can do anything or go anywhere you want to. But if you
 take the wrong road, and wander astray, you'll be eaten alive.**
Trudi Lorimer
—Calgary

Santa?
Janet Baayens
—Calgary

*Here we go again: Does the
 picture at the right carry a
 message for you? A message for
 the world? Or does it simply
 carry a message for the artist?
 Like, get help! Write. Do it
 now. In the meantime, we'll do
 our best to hold Willms down
 till you say it's okay to let
 him go...*

What do you think about this, then?

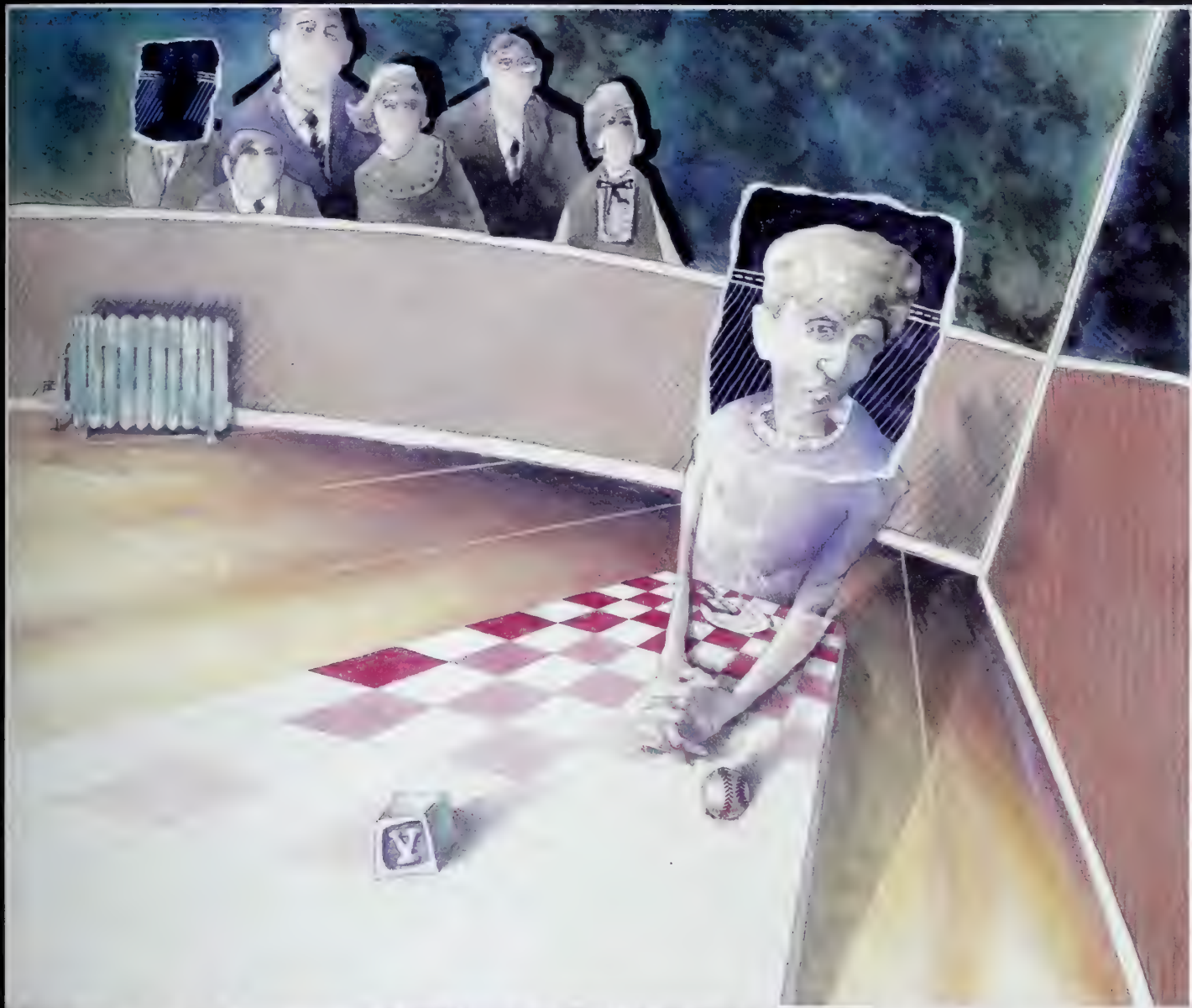


ILLUSTRATION: RUSS WILLIAMS

people stretched out on cots, all requiring attention. Any new case coming in would tend to set everybody off again, especially if the new case was seriously out of control. It was important to calm down new cases as quickly as possible.

During a particularly busy period, the St. John Ambulance people brought in a big biker on a stretcher. They dumped him on the floor and ran out again. This guy was absolutely, terrifyingly berserk. He was wearing his club "colours." Big, huge, hairy chest and tattooed arms bulged out of his open vest. His belt buckle must have weighed 20 pounds. He was screaming and circling

around in a crouch, clearly preparing for a final deadly leap.

One of our counsellors, an experienced hand from Edmonton, moved to the biker's blind side and applied a friendly bear hug. The biker tensed. Then, when the counsellor started gently swaying, the biker relaxed. A doctor moved in quickly and injected a tranquilizer. You could see the big fellow trying to gather himself from wherever he had been. The counsellor, sensing the change, stood up and we all prepared to settle everybody else down again.

The biker shook his head violently a couple of times. This seemed to bring him more or less back to our world, and he jumped up into his

predatory crouch. Everybody froze.

"Who's the mother who gave me that shot?" he growled. Much to our amazement, Gerry stepped forward, assumed a similar crouch and announced in a playful growl that he had done it.

Gerry was a fairly husky man himself, but he was at least 30 years older than the biker. We all had visions of his head taken clean off. Some of the patients panicked and started moaning again. The two men circled around each other like Japanese wrestlers, then the biker's arm shot out and grabbed Gerry by the shoulders, —more of a salute to a brother, than a threat. He looked Gerry seriously in the face. "What size needle

did you use, man?" he asked.

Gerry told him size 18. "Man, you are a butcher. You need lessons, man; I gotta teach you how to give needles. What was in it, man?"

"Tranquilizer," Gerry said.

"Man you didn't need to do that, I was okay, just a little too much to drink. Now I gotta get back before my ol' lady drinks all the rest of the wine." He gave Gerry a friendly hug and headed back to the festival.

Later on, we had a peculiar case that no one could figure out. A young woman was hysterical, obviously high on something, and not very happy about it all. Her reactions didn't seem to fit any of the typical patterns we knew

and she did not respond to any of our treatments. She was getting worse. I took over, trying to find out what was happening, moved in close, put my arm around her, as I had done with scores of others that day, and tried to talk with her. No go. I was beginning to think that there was something seriously wrong when she threw up in my lap. I could see instantly that she had been drinking a lot of wine. Almost at the same moment, the biker walked in asking if anyone had seen his ol' lady.

Sure enough. It was his wife. He came over, looked at me sympathetically, bent over and patted his much improved companion who was now resting easy. "She drank it all," he explained. "I'll be back in a

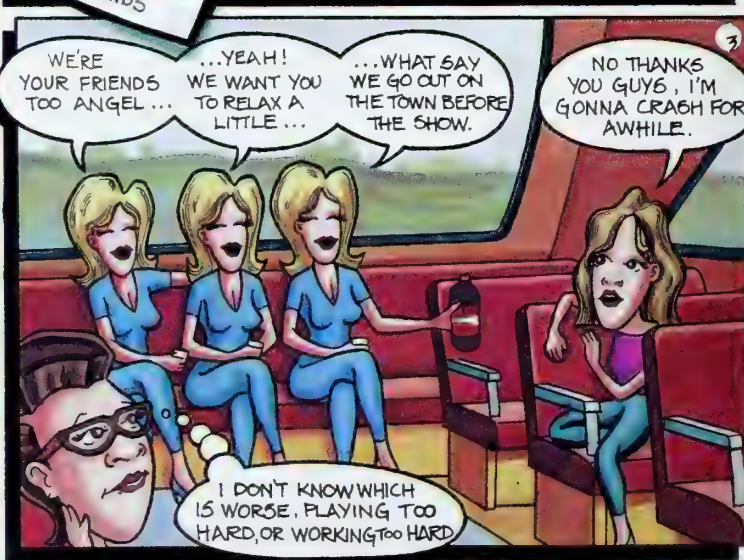
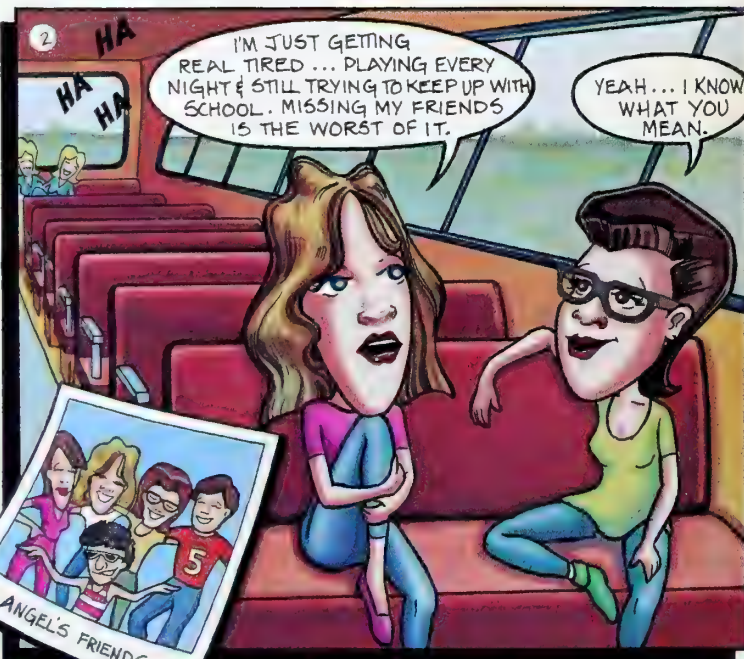
THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF

Angel Harp

AND THE HEAVENLY BODIES

BY IAN FITZGERALD
ART BY JEFF BURGESS

IN THE LAST ISSUE, WE SAW ANGELA HARPER —TEENAGER BECOME ANGEL HARP — ROCK STAR. NASTY MAX ANGLE SET IT UP. SO NOW ANGEL IS SHOOTING FOR STARDOM WITH GOOD FRIEND KATE & A BURNED-OUT, BOTTLE BLONDE BACK-UP TRIO: THE HEAVENLY BODIES.



couple of hours to get her." And off he went again.

In the two days of the festival, we handled 77 bad trips, five overdoses or poisonings, 31 injuries ranging from cuts to broken noses, and 25 illnesses (mostly sunstroke and exhaustion), and sent 11 people on to the hospital.

I HAVE THIS THEORY ABOUT PEOPLE. JUST AS ANIMALS SEEK OUT THE VARIETY OF FOOD THEY NEED TO KEEP A BALANCED DIET, PEOPLE SEEK OUT EXPERIENCES THEY NEED TO KEEP A BALANCED EXISTENCE. THE EXPLOSION OF DRUG USE THAT OCCURRED DURING THE LATE '60S AND EARLY '70S WAS RELATED, I AM

SURE, TO THE KINDS OF EXPERIENCES THAT WERE MISSING FROM A LOT OF PEOPLE'S LIVES.

What was missing and what has changed in the time since Woodstock and Festival 70? I have some ideas to pass along, but first I'd like to hear some of your thoughts. Write me a note and I'll work your wisdom into my next column.

40-PROOF PARENT

FROM PAGE 17

lent you can simply leave the scene of the disaster for a while.

Of course, the other side of *leaving* when they're drunk is *staying* when they're sober. This is the time when you can see your parents as sensitive and loving people, not just helpless drunks. You'll be

able to separate the people from the disease. You may start to see the drunk not as your parent but as some other negative, self-destructive person.

Take the time when they are sober to talk to your parents about your feelings and the effect their drinking is having on your relationship. There is not much point in getting into screaming matches with parents while they are drinking because their thinking will be pretty distorted.

Avoid moralizing and nagging. What you don't want to do is make your folks feel any guiltier than they already do, because it could start them off on another drinking binge. Be open about what you feel. Stick to the facts without being overly critical.

TRY TO MAKE YOUR time together...the sober time...fun and productive. This way your parents will begin to resent the isolation they feel when they are drinking and they may be encouraged to seek help.

You must also learn to detach yourself emotionally from what a drinking parent may say or do—things they may not even remember when they sober up.

Cindy gets involved in after-school activities that let her have a life away from the stress of the family. It really helps to keep things in perspective if you can be involved in sports or other club activities that make you feel good about *yourself* at least.

So, there are some things that kids like Cindy

can do for themselves. And there are things they can do for their parents, too. For one thing, they can stop doing too *much*. One of the things about alcoholism is that people don't want to admit that they are alcoholics. Most alcoholics play little games with themselves and others to pretend that everything is fine and that they don't have a drinking problem. These games are clever, but never clever enough. For instance, an alcoholic may have bottles stashed all over the house and garage, hidden away in places like the toilet tank or underneath the sofa. That way they can drink all the time but still pretend that they don't. They may call in sick when the real story is that they are too

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



INDEED, NO ONE IS PERFECT, NOT EVEN ANGEL... STAY TUNED: ANGEL'S LYRICS BY ANITA BARRY - MUNDARE & ALAN SIBETSKI - EDMONTON. SEND IN YOUR LYRICS FOR ANGEL'S NEXT CONCERT & WIN ALBUMS BY MICHAEL JACKSON, THE EURYTHMICS & MANY, MANY MORE!

TO BE CONT. NEXT ISSUE

40-PROOF PARENT

FROM PAGE 37

hangover to go to work and expect the boss to keep buying the story no matter how often it happens.

Often the families of alcoholics help them play these games by gradually taking over the responsibilities that alcoholics are no longer able to handle because of their drinking. An example is the young girl who does all the cooking and washing for the family because mom is too sick to handle these responsibilities herself anymore.

Good intentions, bad results. The alcoholic is protected from the results of his alcoholism when he's able to keep pretending that he doesn't drink too much. And why should the rest of the family get stuck with the alcoholic's responsibilities? Don't make it easy for the alcoholic to ignore what his drinking is doing to himself and others.

If only one parent is an alcoholic, sometimes it helps to try to understand what the non-alcoholic parent is up against. First of all, it's pretty tough to be reasonable all the time when you are left alone to make the family decisions because your spouse is an alcoholic. There are money hassles, friends who didn't stick around because of the drinking, pressures from family and in-laws, not to mention worry about the physical and mental health of the spouse. Some alcoholic parents tell their kids that the non-alcoholic parent's nagging has driven them to drink. The straight parent may take out anger and frustration on the kids, not because of something they did, but out of frustration and a feeling of helplessness. Kids in this situation can save themselves a lot of hassles by refusing to let either parent complain to them about the other. Don't take sides, but be prepared to talk about it if there is pressure to do so from either parent.

One of the hardest things for Cindy was see-

ing how other kids reacted to her parents' drinking: "Everybody knows my parents drink. That's what hurts me most, because people don't realize what wonderful people my parents are, and that hurts. We always got teased when we were kids."

SO WHAT CAN YOU do about your social life if you are living with alcoholic parents? A good thing to remember is that when you first meet a friend, he doesn't see your house or your parents—just you. By the time you get around to bringing a friend home, the impressions of you are already formed and either he likes you or he doesn't. What your parents are like shouldn't make much difference. If you don't want to confront your friends with a drunk mother or father, call home first to see what kind of shape your parents are in. If they sound bad, you can always plan on going somewhere else. Some kids ask relatives if they can entertain at their houses as an alternative.

The best thing you can do for yourself if you are a kid in Cindy's position, is to realize that there are a lot of help resources that you can use. Talk to people who are in a position to help, such as school counselors, AADAC, or Alcoholics Anonymous. Find out about Alateen in your community and get involved. If there is nothing happening where you are, why not start something?

And remember, you can't help anyone by hurting yourself. **W**

WORLD CLASS

FROM PAGE 27

We asked Linda if she was afraid of falling.

"No, I try never to think about it. I've fallen off quite often, but I've never been hurt." Nor is she embarrassed to fall off in front of other people because "that isn't one of the things you think about at the time: you're just mad at yourself and concerned about your horse."

Right now, Linda is considered one of the top 12 show jumpers in Canada. Which impresses just about everyone except Linda herself, who feels she still has a long way to go. Or jump.

SUSAN HOEPPNER

Flutist

Susan was another very young starter. Her parents suggested she try either the flute or the violin at the age of seven. Since she really loved the sound of her sister's flute, she chose it.

Susan, now 20, says, "When I was younger, I always knew I would be in music, and I knew that I wanted to go to the top." To the top she went—at 15 she took second place in the women's league of the Calgary Philharmonic competition. At 16, she won the Provincials for the Calgary Kiwanis Music Festival. At 17, she won the Provincials and placed second in the Nationals. Last year, she won the Canadian Music Competition in Montreal.

Susan practises from three to six hours a day and earns a living by playing at weddings and receptions. She recently played for Kirk Douglas and Gregory Peck in Banff. "I'm very nervous just before I go on, but once my foot hits the stage, I'm totally at ease."

Susan is presently living in New York and is tutored by internationally recognized flutist Julius Baker, at the Juilliard School there.

"It's great to be able to say things through your music. It's really the most thrilling feeling in the world to know you've given a good performance."

RICHELLE GARDNER

Arm Wrestler

Direct from Seba Beach (population 126), 50 miles west of Edmonton, comes the Women's World Lightweight Arm Wrestling Champion, Richelle Gardner.

Richelle, now 20, is a

University of Alberta art student. She started arm wrestling at the age of 18 after she got talked into trying it at a local tournament in Alberta Beach.

"A whole bunch of us went down there. I took second place, and the referee, who is president of the Canadian Arm Wrestling Association, asked me if I wanted to come down to the club. That was in 1980."

The same year, Richelle won the Alberta Championships, and in 1982 she placed second in the World Sit-Down Championships in Syracuse, New York.

How did she get so strong?

"Well, from the time I was about 14 to 17, I worked in a teamhorse plant and stacked 50-pound bales, about 1000 a day. That's what did it for sure!"

If you're into arm wrestling; Richelle has some tips: concentrate on your speed; if the other person gets the jump on you, it's really hard to come back. To power-lock, throw your wrist inside and use all the power in your arm. The top roll is where you bring your right over top of the other person's, and pin them that way.

Richelle admits she was always a pretty tough tomboy, and she's not afraid to walk at night. She makes a little extra money by challenging unsuspecting men to an arm wrestle.

(Caution, guys. This girl is armed and dangerous....)

ALANNA WILLIAMS

Model

Edmonton covergirl and international model Alanna Williams is in demand all over the world—Paris, Hamburg, Cape-town, Tahiti, New York, Rome, Zurich, Majorca....

Alanna started modelling at 14, doing Eaton's fashion shows in Edmonton. "I really wanted to be a model," she says. "I started with John Casablancas. When I was 15, he asked me to come to New York to try modelling and see how

people would respond to my kind of look. Going to New York really changed my life; it really made me grow up so much faster. I got the chance to meet famous and interesting people. I'd never heard who Andy Warhol was, and I met him."

When Alanna was 16, she went to Paris and then to Hamburg in West Germany, where she spends most of her time when she's in Europe. Alanna has even done some shooting in Iceland. "There's just everything you could imagine there... lakes, glaciers, fields of cotton. We had a big bus and stayed in a hotel, and then every morning we'd go up to the volcanos or the glaciers...."

All the travelling and hard work have taken their toll on Alanna's social life. "Boyfriends! They have to be really understanding... someone who understands when you say you're coming home on the 15th or whatever, and then call on the 14th to say, 'Sorry, I've got a week's booking with this great photographer.'"

The biggest sacrifice for Alanna is being apart from her family. "People don't think about how great it is to be able to come home every night. Travelling is a lot of stress. Sometimes it's very lonely."

Alanna's goal is to do the cover of the American *Vogue*, and "retire" from modelling in about 4 or 5 years. "I don't know that there's another job other than being an actress that I could make as much money at with the education I have." Despite her success, Alanna is very modest and realistic about her future. "I'm just at the level where I've done a lot of work, but nothing really great has happened to me. You have to plan your career very carefully and very strategically so you're in the right place at the right time...that's what modelling is!"

WILLIE DEWIT

Boxer

At 22, weighing in at

FROM PAGE 13

ZOOT: What do you think of Zits Zantini? He's sort of our magazine mascot.

HATE: He's such a loser, he makes you feel a lot better about yourself. He reminds me a bit of Clinger, on *MASH*.

HATE: I'm getting used to him. He's okay, actually.

ZOOT: It sounds as if you're saying that *ZOOT* isn't *that* bad, after all. Do you think it can be saved?

HATE: Definitely.

HATE: Just stop preaching, get some good rock interviews and some popular sports in there.

HATE: Talk about things you can do in a group, instead of just by yourself.

ZOOT: We've looked at the new games, relative work skydiving, motorcycle racing...*those* are all things you do with other people.

HATE: It doesn't come across that way.

HATE: There should be things that normal people can try without going to a lot of trouble. I've spent seven years skiing and it's cost a lot of money and I don't regret it, but it's not the only thing in the world.

HATE: Stop telling us what to do. Stop sounding like my mother.

ZOOT: We're *that* bad?

HATE: Sometimes.

ZOOT: But you do think that we should keep trying...?

HATE: Yes, there's real potential there.

ZOOT: How many of you would be willing to help us? Say, become *ZOOT CAPRI* representatives in your area?

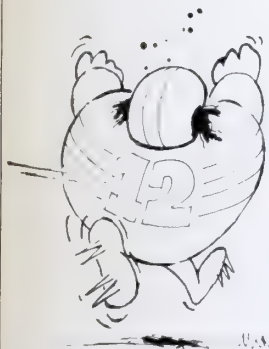
ED. NOTE: AT THIS POINT, ONE ARM SHOT UP, THREE ROSE SLOWLY, THREE MORE MOVED VISIBLY, AND TWO REMAINED ANCHORED TO THE SIDES OF REAL-UNREPENTANT-ONE-HUNDRED-PER-CENT *ZOOT* HATERS.

ZOOT: Fantastic! Seven out of nine of you. You're prepared to go back home and say that you're working with *ZOOT*... helping us become the magazine we always knew we could be....

HATE: Yeah, well you'll have to start doing things *our* way.

ZOOT: Some things, anyway.

G R A B I N S K Y



"GRABINSKY..."



"A MAN WITH ALL THE RIGHT MOVES..."



"...GOIN' FOR THE LONG ONE."



"FROM THE MOMENT YOU FIRST SAW HIM PLAY..."



"...YOU KNEW HE HAD THE WRONG GAME."

ILLUSTRATION JOHN CARTWRIGHT

over 200 pounds of mostly muscle, Willie deWit is the World Amateur Heavyweight Champion. Odd, because he hails from Grande Prairie where, as he says, "There was no boxing at all. When I was 17, I just went down to the local gym—it was more of a health club than anything else—and started punching the bag. The person who owned the gym thought I had a bit of talent, so he got ahold of Harry Snatic out of Beaverlodge. It just went from there."

In the space of four years, Willie went from knowing nothing about boxing to championship status. He first became Alberta Champion, then Commonwealth Champion, and finally World Amateur Champion.

At 16, Willie weighed a wimpy 135 pounds. He gained 65 pounds and

grew three inches over the next three years.

"We started working out in my garage, then in the space above my trainer's truck shop. Eventually, we built a little gym. You don't need big, extravagant training facilities, just a mat and a punching bag. When I had to get up in the morning and run at 5:30 or 6, no one was there to say, okay, Willie, get up and run. I had to do it myself. It's a matter of setting goals...start small and build."

We asked Willie if he thought coming from a small town made any difference to his career.

"In a small town, a lot of kids live for the weekends. I did the same thing, but when I started fighting, I decided I wasn't going to drink anymore, and I haven't in five years. And I don't really miss it."

Willie deWit has set his sights on being profession-

al World Heavyweight Boxing Champion. "Aren't you pretty young?" we asked.

"It depends.... People from the States and Canada are usually around this age. Anyway," he says confidently, "the people on top are the ones that work hard at it; I guess my parents taught me that."

What if he got into a situation where somebody didn't recognize him and wanted to take him on? "If you don't go looking for trouble, you don't find it. I really believe that. I don't walk around like a bully, but I don't back down either."

THREE QUICK ONES:

Jillian Richardson, relay runner, was moving too fast for us to get an interview, but we did find out some pretty interesting facts about her.

At 18, Jillian is ranked one of the best four 400-metre women relay runners in the world. She's rejected scholarship offers from seven U.S. universities because she feels Canadian athletes shouldn't go to the U.S. when Canada's training is just as good. She credits her abilities to her mother's long stride. She really had to toddle to keep up!

Grande Prairie's Rick Fraser, like his grandfather and step-father before him, is a champion chuckwagon driver. He won three of four heats in last year's Grande Prairie Stampede, and set a new track record.

But, after all his racing success, Rick is set to chuck it. "Too expensive. I'm going to take up cabinetmaking instead."

John Mah, 14, won last year's under-17 and under-15 boys' single table

tennis titles at the Edmonton Open. He also holds the boys' under-13 and under-15 doubles title with his partner Boris Vaynsteyn.

John says his unusual left-handed play confuses his opponents. He's aiming for the national singles title next. "Your partner can cover for you in doubles," he says, "but when you win a single title, you know you've done it all by yourself."

There they are. Ten, but by no means all, of Alberta's most talented people. And the surprising thing about most of them is that they're really just like you and me: the main difference being a highly developed, specialized talent and exceptionally strong will.

Maybe I should buckle down and start writing that Great Canadian Novel after all.

GAMES GAMES

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THE LASER IS HERE!

The day of the interactive laser disc game is here! What started with Dragon's Lair is ballooning out into all types of new laser disc games.

If you're a coin-op Star Wars fan, then expect to be dazzled in March when Atari brings out two new laser Star Wars games. These games will be using actual film footage from *Star Wars* and the *Empire Strikes Back*.

Laser Grand Prix from Taito is another laser disc sensation. It was introduced into North America last October and has been taking the continent by storm. The screen is similar to Pole Position, but the special effects are better.

Other new laser disc games include Genma Taisen from Data East and M.A.C.H. 3 from Mylstar Electronics.

Laser disc games are the wave of the future, right? Hold on a minute! Maybe we're jumping the gun. Let's take a hard, critical look at the pros and cons of laser games, specifically the *daddy* of laser games, Dragon's Lair.

Dragon's Lair is similar to most video games in that it has a hero-rescuing-a-damsel-in-distress scenario. Great! Two points for theme.

But let's look at skill level and quality of challenge. In a game like Star Wars, you've got almost total control over your craft: direction, speed, firepower. You're in the driver's seat, and that means more action, danger and excitement.

In Dragon's Lair, you're on the laser bus — you can't get off until the next stop. Most of the game you sit back and watch your hero do hero-type things, trying to rescue the damsel.

At certain points you must make a decision, or at least tell your man, Dirk, what decision to make. Dirk can move in four

directions. He can also draw his sword. But for every situation, only *one* correct move exists. And the result of that correct move will always be the same, game after game. So basically, you spend more time *watching* Dragon's Lair than *playing* it.

The trick is to learn the point at which your commands will have the desired effect on Dirk's actions. Here are a few clues to help you find your way around obstacles.

Listen when you play. When the game receives your instruction, you will hear a "clunk" sound.

Remember, in Dragon's Lair only two things can happen: you make the right move or you make the wrong move. Most of the time a wrong move means death (which can be a drag), so you have to be very careful how you move.

Also remember that you must make your move during a special short period of time. This is usually indicated by a definite movement from Dirk — a turn, or a crouch. If you push the joystick/sword button during this time (in the right direction) Dirk will emerge unscathed.

Consider the sequence which has Dirk walking across a narrow catwalk, when a pair of rotating turnstiles cut him off from escaping. Only by moving Dirk in the split second during which there is an opening can you help him escape. This opportunity only comes *once*. Notice here that Dirk first stands up straight, then crouches — *that's* the time to make your move.

When Dirk reaches the sequence with giant stone balls rolling back and forth in front of him, and blocking his path, a giant black ball appears behind him. You can move toward or away from the ball, but don't move too soon. Wait until the black ball is about to flatten Dirk and then pull backwards on the

—GREG WILSON—

stick. Dirk will escape down the chute. If you move too soon, Dirk will be history.

So we see that Dragon's Lair is basically a tame game compared to the high-tech graphic video games we're used to. But remember also that it's the *first* laser game. Pong was a very simple game too, but look what it led to...

Imagine a laser disc game where the possibilities are not limited... imagine a Dirk who can be turned in any direction at any time... where the story can be changed at your will and the results are never the same. This would mean that a million different story lines would have to be programmed into the game. And while that seems impossible, computers of the future may be able to handle the task.

If laser disc games can overcome their present simplicity and lack of challenge, I think they *will* be the wave of the future. They will bring us closer to the "ultimate video game" in which you are actually there. The screen will depict adventure with battle and action scenes so realistic that the viewer thinks he is actually in the fighter plane, or racing a car or space ship.

Video games won't be just played, they'll be experienced. I believe that's the direction we're heading with interactive laser disc games. All that remains is for technology to catch up with our dreams.

V I D B I T S

HOT TIPS ON IMPROVING YOUR SCORES:

Joust: On the egg waves, always start at the top on the right-hand side and go

straight across. Do the same for the middle and bottom in that order. You should be able to get all of them before they get riders. *Defender*: Shoot all the time, because when you're shooting you disappear, and they can't get you when you aren't there. Fire continuously! *Riddle Of The Sphinx*: In order to obtain the Staff Of Power right at the start of the game, go up, instead of down, until the invisible barrier stops you. When you see the Oasis, take a drink and you'll automatically receive the Staff Of Power. *Beauty & The Beast*: Climb the first building over and over again. When you reach the top of the first building, jump. That way, it never gets harder, the rocks never split, and it doesn't get any faster.

Tutankham: When the game starts, go straight to the bottom of the hallway and keep shooting to the right. When there aren't as many snakes and other creatures in the way, move over to a key or treasure. *Tron*: Memorize the sequence the screens come in, and what is in each one. That way, you'll be ready when they come and you'll rack up higher scores!

NEW RE-USABLE GAME CARTS!

Romox has brought out some new games for Atari computers on the new Edge Connector Programmable Cartridges. That means that you could take one of these carts to a dealer, have a new game programmed on it, and take it home the same day. And all at a much lower cost than buying a new game cartridge. Expected tag is \$5.

SEGA SCORES A HOME RUN

Sega's super new coin-op Champion Baseball allows game players to choose their favourite city's team to compete against the computer's team choice. Players can even pick

relief pitchers or pinch hitters.

Champion Baseball comes with a split screen: one shows the field from behind home plate, the other depicts everything from the outfield. Sega's counting on it to become as big as Space Invaders. We'll see...

DRAGON'S LAIR IN YOUR HOME!

Coleco now owns the home rights to Dragon's Lair and plans to have the game ready by around June. It'll be interesting to see how they'll make the laser disc concept work on your home machine. I can't wait to try it!

COLECO JOYSTICK WOES

If you don't like your short, stubby ColecoVision joystick, you're not alone. It's the sure route to thumb sores and low scores. Fortunately, there are several improved adaptations available. One of them is Suncom's snap-on Joystick Height Extender. It takes just ten seconds to install, costs \$5.95 a pair, and offers a comfortable ball-top joystick.

SUPER GRAPHICS

Mattel has come up with a unique programming technique that greatly enhances the graphics capability of Intellivision by adding high resolution definition. The new game boasts multiple play screens, animated title pages, scrolling play fields and more colours. You lucky Intellivision owners!

Q-BERT...TV STAR

Saturdays on CBS, Q-Bert and friends leave the arcade and step into your TV screen on *Saturday Supercade*. Q-Bert and his buddies Q-Tree, Q-Ball, Q-Bit and his girl Q-Val have lots of fun while warding off the evil Coily and his accomplices. Watch it...it's Q-ute!

Finally, program yourself to see *Brainstorm*, if you haven't done so already.

FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK

Q *There's a girl in our class who doesn't have too many friends. My best friend and I decided to be friends with her. Now, my best friend thinks that our new friend is breaking up our friendship. She's told the other girl that we just felt sorry for her because she didn't have very many friends. What should I say to this other girl? She's my friend, too. And what should I say to my best friend?*

B.K. - RED DEER

A It sounds like you've really gotten to like this other girl and would like to keep her as a friend. Of course, you also still enjoy your best friend. For a long time you've probably just had one close friend at one time. Now you're finding that different people have different things to like, and that there can be more than one person that you want to have as a friend. Your best friend has not quite caught up to you; she's having trouble working out her feelings about being a friend to more than one person and sharing her friends with others. Make sure you let the new girl know that you don't want to lose her friendship. And be patient with your best friend. Tell her that she's special and hang in there while she learns that when it comes to good friends, the more the merrier. It shouldn't be too long until she feels more comfortable with her two friends.

Q *I have a question for Funny You Should Ask. I am going crazy around here. I can't do anything any more. My father keeps turning me down. Every time I ask him anything, he says no, even when my mom says it's okay. I want him to let me go out more often and he doesn't understand that. He has to have everything his way.*

M.B. - EDMONTON

A It can be hard for your parents to watch you be-

come more independent of them. They're often not sure just how grown-up you are and how much freedom they should give you. At the same time they expect you to accept more and more responsibility. Face it, M.B., from time to time, *you yourself* have doubts about how grown-up you are. Rest assured that your dad still loves you and is simply a bit over-concerned about you. You should sit down with both your father and mother and clear up what *they* want from you and what *you* would like to have happen. You will want to be prepared for this important talk, so do your homework. Find out what they did when they were kids and what they remember about those times. This might give you some idea of what direction to take when you talk about your own situation. Let them know ahead of time that you think there is a problem and you'd like to talk about it. Pick a time when you know nothing else will interfere. That way, you'll be able to talk about what you *want* to talk about without getting side-tracked. If you can present your case thoughtfully and pay attention to your parents' point of view, you're certain to impress them, and we'll wager that life around your home will become more reasonable and fun.

Q *I don't suppose Zoot can help, but I've got to tell my problem to someone. My dad has been out of work for a long time. Now he has a good job offer in Edmonton. I'm glad that he's going to be working again but I'm really scared about going into a new school, especially when the year is half over. I'm basically pretty shy. I don't want to upset my parents when they're excited about my dad's new job.*

G.B. - MEDICINE HAT

A You don't say how old you are or what grade you're in, G.B., so we'll give you the benefit of the doubt and assume that you're old enough, smart enough, doing well enough in school and getting along well enough with your parents, to benefit from our valuable advice. Our first suggestion is to approach your parents with the idea of finishing the school year in Medicine Hat, staying with a friend. This would mean working out some kind of financial arrangement with your friend's parents, which may be a bit rough if your dad hasn't been working for a while. Offer to help. If you have a part-time job, you should



be able to take care of part of your board. Work it out; talk it out. It may be a possibility and it could be a good experience if you handle it well. If you do move with your parents, you shouldn't be too afraid to walk into a new school. After all, no one has any reason *not* to like you. And everyone wants to meet new people, which is what you'll be. Keep in mind that most of us are against

change in the first place, and that we usually enjoy changes once they happen.

Q *Why don't they sell Vans in unmatched pairs? It's a drag to have to buy four shoes just to get one pair that doesn't match. Also, will wearing socks make your vans last longer?*

Z.Z. - CALGARY

A Hard as it may be to believe, Z.Z., many people actually *like* what they wear on their right foot to closely resemble what they wear on their left foot. And no, wearing socks probably will not make your vans last longer. Your friends will last longer, though.

Q *A friend of my brother belongs to Katimavik. She says that it's a good deal for kids who are finishing school and want to wait a while before they go to university or get a job. Can you tell me more about Katimavik?*

J.W. - LETHBRIDGE

A Katimavik is a Federal Government program aimed at people 17 to 21 years old. Basically, it involves living in a co-ed, bilingual situation in a Canadian community some distance from your own home. Your group of approximately 12 works in the community, performing a variety of tasks in co-operation with the local townspeople. It's a nine-month program during which you learn a lot. You also earn the incredible sum of \$1 a day, and receive a lump sum payment of \$1000 at the end of your commitment. For more information, write: Katimavik, 2270 Avenue Pierre Dupuy, City du Havre, Montreal, Quebec H3C 3R4; or call toll free: 1-800-361-6183.

Q *Help! I never get asked to dance at the school socials.*

S.S. - LLOYDMINSTER

A Is there a possibility here, S.S., of doing the asking yourself? You may feel that you're the only one feeling badly about not being asked to dance, but usually, there are other kids in the same room feeling the same way - just waiting for someone *else* to make the first move and do the asking! Might as well be you, eh?

Q *I hope that you can answer my question. My married sister has just told the family that she's going to have a baby. We're all really excited. But I'm also kind of worried because I don't think that she should keep on drinking as much as she usually does. I read somewhere that you shouldn't drink if you're pregnant. Is it true?*

S.A. - EDMONTON

A Thanks for the heavy question, S.A. We had to dig around for the answer, but here's what we learned: during pregnancy, special care is in order - in diet, exercise, sleep, alcohol or other drug use, and, of course, smoking.

As for drinking in particular, the fact is that a pattern of alcohol-related birth defects has been recognized and given the name Foetal Alcohol Syndrome. The complete syndrome consists of abnormal facial features, retarded growth, and mental retardation. Bad news. It is not known how much alcohol can be safely tolerated by an unborn baby. It is known that abstaining from alcohol during pregnancy prevents Foetal Alcohol Syndrome 100%. Tell your sister that if she needs a drink to celebrate her new family, wait til after it's born, or if she doesn't, to at least keep the amount of alcohol used very, very low.

Also remember that other drugs should only be used with a doctor's advice, and smoking should be avoided as well.

OUR READERS GET THE LAST WORD YOUR WRITE

We get letters, yes we do. And we really appreciate the time you take to throw a bouquet or a brick our way. Thanks to you, we have our finger on the pulse of our readership. Ta dum, ta dum.

NOW WE'RE COOKIN'

I can really handle your magazine. It *applies*. Like fractions, when you're making half portions in a cake.

B.H.-BEAVERLODGE.

At least you don't think we're half-baked. -ED.

WHO?

Could you help me? I want to contact Tom Baker, also known as *Doctor Who*, but I don't know where to look.

S.V.-EDMONTON

Who does? You might try to reach the most popular time-traveller in the universe at Doctor Who Office, The BBC Television Centre, Woods Lane, London, England, W12 8QT.

Incidentally, the Doctor Who craze is approaching Star-Trek status, with an estimated 100 million viewers in 54 countries around the world. The latest of five Doctor Who characters is not the one you've been watching. Your Tom Baker, number four, did the shows from 1974 to 1981. -ED.

NOT LONG ENOUGH

I really enjoyed your issue on the walls and bridges of life. I hope your magazine continues for quite a while.

A.B.-MUNDARE.

Now you've got us worried. How long is "quite a while," anyway? -ED.

STEVIE RAY'S OKAY

I just finished reading your Fall '83 issue and I was totally disgusted with the reviews on Stevie Ray Vaughn's album *Texas Flood*. His music is by no means country. I like lots of different styles of music but country definitely isn't one of them. Stevie's music sounds like music from the '50s and '60s. I think your record reviewers should learn to appreciate good music. Even though *Texas Flood* is his first solo album, he sure is getting up there with the great guitarists of all times: Pete Townsend, Keith Richards and Brian Setzer.

M.M. (MUSIC MANIAC)-
SMALL TOWN,
NORTHERN ALBERTA

Yours was just one drop in a flood of protests, M.M. -ED.

ZOOT CAPRI GUNG-HO?

I am a 17-year-old Grade 12 student in Edmonton. I want to congratulate you guys for putting out copy after copy of a great magazine. I'm writing because in the Fall '83 issue, you talked about the grim job situation for graduating students. My solution was to join the Canadian Armed Forces Reserve. It's a part-time job that doesn't interfere with my school work. The pay is pretty good, but you learn more than you earn. You get to travel during school

breaks and it's all expenses paid. You can enlist in units like paramedics, communications, transportation, armory, infantry, artillery and others. The opportunity is great and there is no life like it!

S.Y.-EDMONTON.

We've been saying all along that there are a lot of things to try out there, S.Y. Glad you found what's right for you. Some others, too, we'll bet. -ED.

ASK A SILLY QUESTION...

How come Zits Zantini's name is Zits Zantini when he doesn't have any zits?

S.J.-CALGARY.

How come Robert Redford's name is Robert Redford when he doesn't have a red Ford? -ED.

NO-NO'S

We might be moving in June. If I send you my new address, can I still get Zoot? Also, I was wondering if you accept poems or short articles? Can we write about first loves, etc? Would you like us to keep in touch with you about penpals we got through Zoot? Can I get some more information on the T-shirts?

S.O.M.-WINFIELD.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. -ED.

TAKE THAT R.G.

To R.G. who wrote a letter in the Fall '83 issue, pitying those who read Zoot magazine and telling them to "be free": Tell me, what does it mean to be free? Is it the choice to

drink and getting so hooked you become an alcoholic? Is it craving drugs so much you'll do anything to get it? Is it becoming pregnant or getting someone else pregnant? Is it getting bombed, running a red light and killing an innocent person? Is that what it means to be free?

H.W.-EDMONTON

Glad you felt free to write, H.W. -ED.

ZITS STRIPS

Why can't we have more Zits Zantini strips? They're great! Also, I like the *Alberta Hot Kids*; it's good to see people achieving their goals, and seeing their activities (hobbies). Keep up the good work. And Zits, I like your haircut.

N.V.-CALGARY.

That's Zits...always a cut above. -ED.

NOT A FAN

Your magazine seems like a piece of garbage to me! I see the magazine is published by AADAC, and from what I understand one of AADAC's functions is to help kids with problems. I see very few articles in your magazines which deal in helping kids, and these articles present facts, which are probably of no surprise to anyone. However, most of your articles seem to be comic strips, or write-ups on athletes or popular people, and movies as well. I feel this should be left to larger magazines, because they

could probably do a better job on articles such as these. Certainly, you do not have to be a genius to see that your magazine lacks investigative and quality journalism.

M.Z.-MEDICINE HAT.

What we'd really like, M.Z., is a list of those "large" magazines published in Alberta for, largely by, and mostly about Alberta teenagers. -ED.

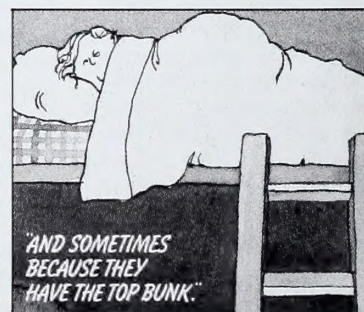
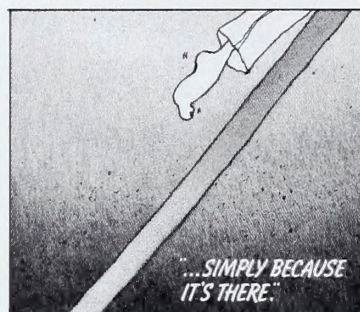
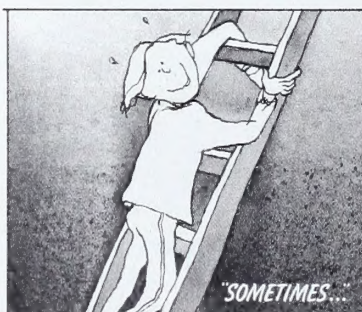
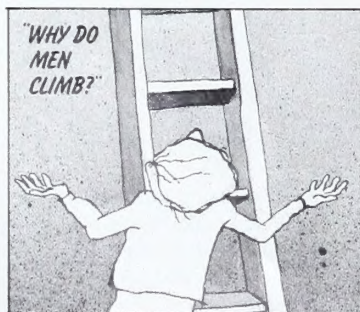
KNIGHT'S RIGHT

Robert Knight is right on and I totally agree with him that "Heavy Metal" is not dying, but dead. Yes, I am one of those who indulge in the pleasures of "New Music," the only one who does in our thick Heavy Metal-oriented school. Just pick up any music magazine from Britain like *Sounds* or *Smash Hits*. Not one word is about H.M. (should be S.M., appropriately) except how almost no music festivals are hosting them. Just wait, all you untrendy humanoids. Soon groups like Bauhaus, The Birthday Party, March Violets, Virgin Prunes, New Order and The Thompson Twins will rule the world and you'll be sorry! I just can't wait to see how many letters you get in retaliation to mine.

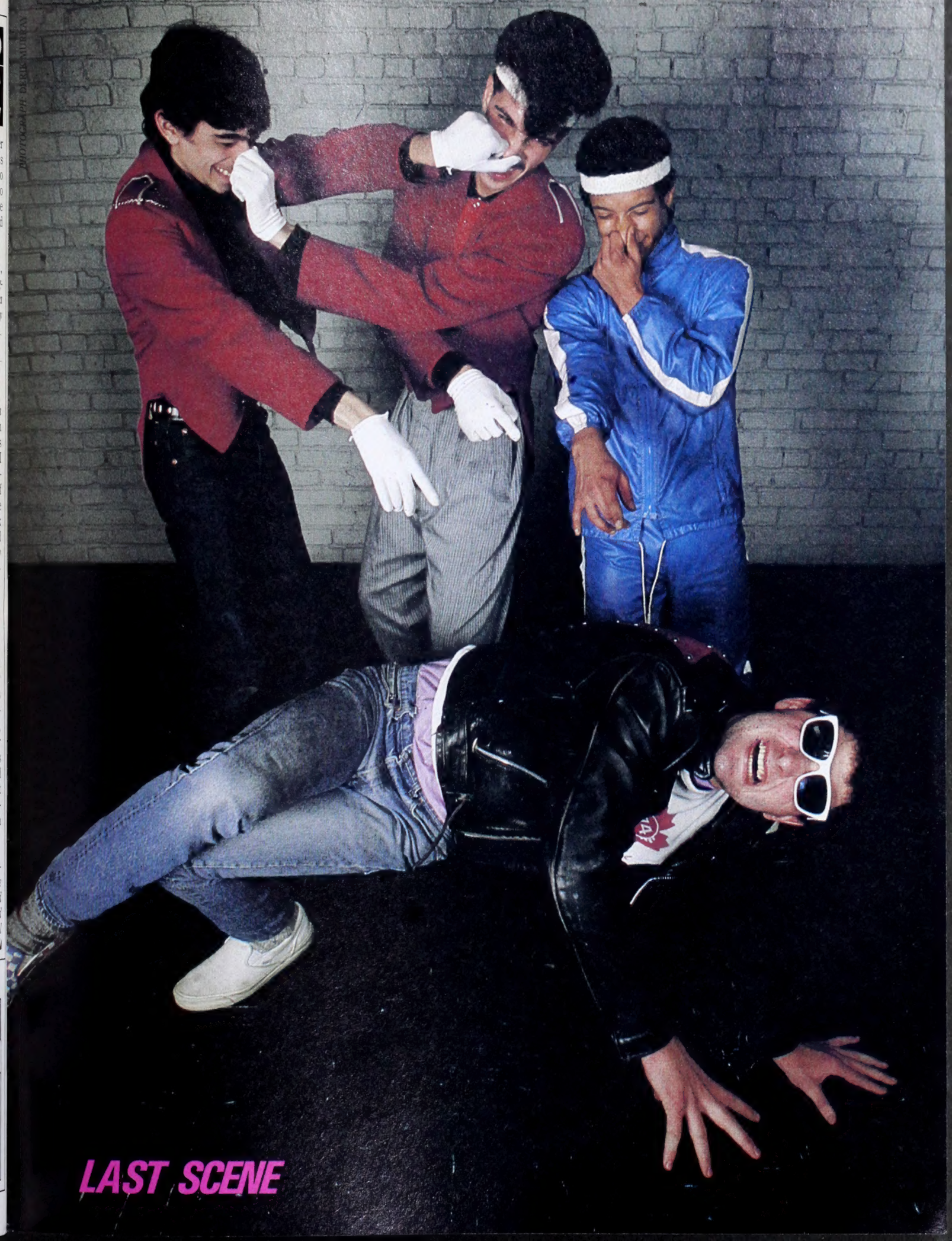
R.S.-THORHILD.

It's not the letters we're worried about, R.S. It's the \$6-million offer from David Lee Roth to buy Zoot ...and revamp our editorial policies. -ED.

J O E R I S K



PHOTOGRAPH BY RIL MURRAY



LAST SCENE

Spring 1984 - The best things in life are free!

GET IT WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG



Canada
Post
Postage paid

Postes
Canada
Port payé

Bulk
third
class

4180

Edmonton, Alberta

En nombre
troisième
classe

BRIDGE CONTEST RESULTS THE POLITICS OF DANCING
WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THIS THEM? I.A. WEEKEND
RECESS LIVING WITH A 40-PROOF PARENT WORLD CLASS
DID YOU SEE WHAT I SAW 200T 200 THE 200T HATERS